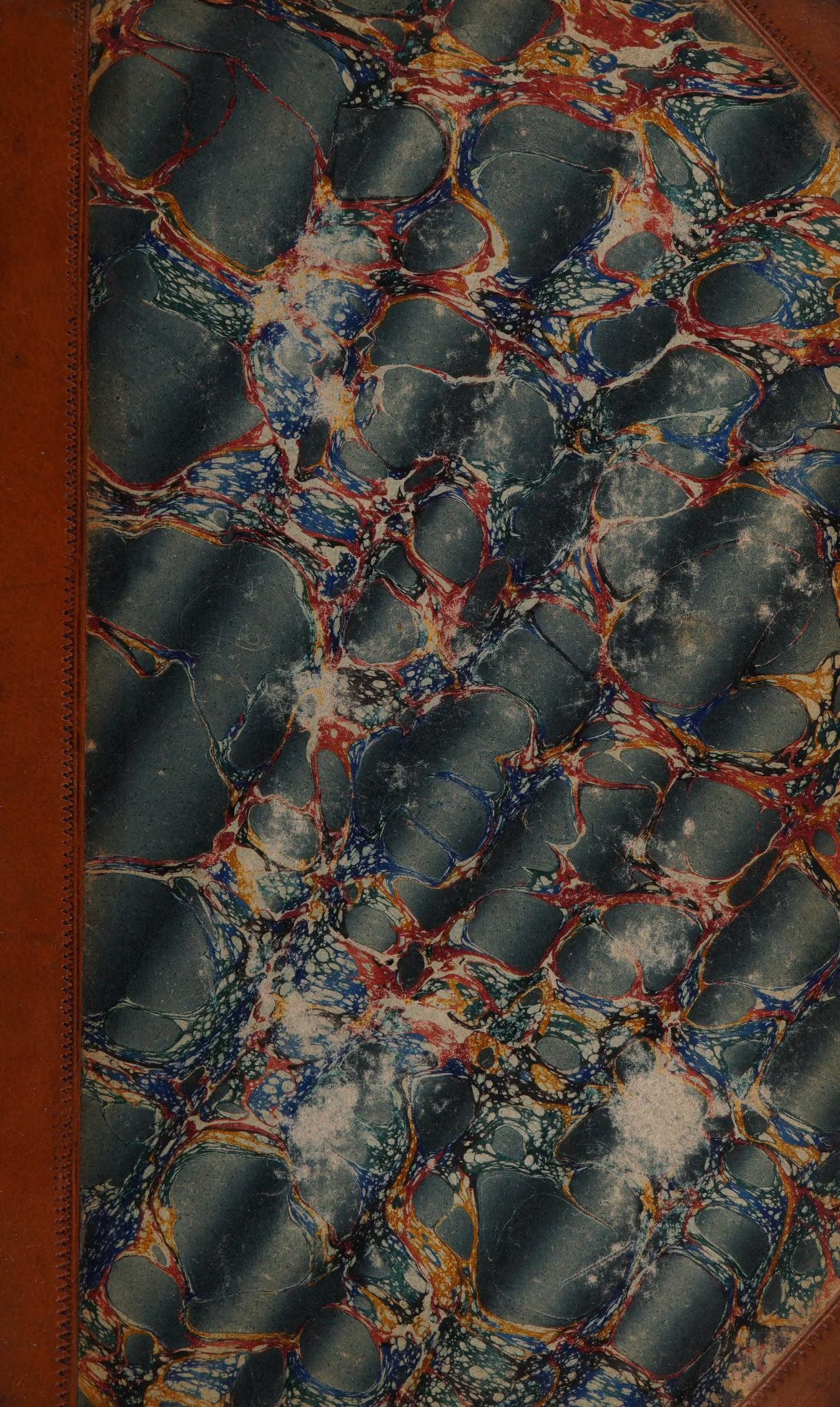




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OBSERVATIONS

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO THE

NATURAL HISTORY,

Pictureſque Scenery,

AND

ANTIQUITIES,

OF THE

Western Counties of England,

Made in the Years 1794 and 1796.

ILLUSTRATED BY

A Mineralogical Map, and ſixteen Views in Aquatinta by Alken.

BY

WILLIAM GEORGE MATON, M. A.

FELLOW OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

VOL. I.

Salisbury:

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1797.

P.



TO
THE REVEREND
THOMAS RACKETT.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT would be great ingratitude not to inscribe to you a work that owes its embellishments to your accurate pencil. To you it is indebted for much valuable information too, and many useful hints with regard to selection and method.

But, independently of these considerations,—the remembrance of having had such a companion as you, on my journies,
of

of our having travelled with the same views, and partaken of the same pleasures;—but, above all, a sense of the *many* important advantages I have derived from your friendship would persuade me to seize this, and every, opportunity of testifying the obligation and respect, with which,

I am,

MY DEAR SIR,

Your faithful humble Servant,

W. G. MATON.

SALISBURY,

April 22, 1797.

PRE-

PREFACE.

THE following OBSERVATIONS were made during two Tours, one comprehending the more southern parts of Dorsetshire and Devonshire, and the county of Cornwall,—the other the northern parts of the two former counties, and Somersetshire ; these Tours are accordingly described in separate volumes, which, though very unequal in size, (the length of the first journey having exceeded that of the second by almost three hundred miles), it was thought would be a more commodious method of arranging the matter,

matter, than if an equal quantity of it had been contained in each.

My motives to put the materials which I had collected into print were the hopes of directing the public attention to a district hitherto very imperfectly described, and the wish to assist the researches of those who may visit it with views and pursuits similar to my own. The information, I am sensible, is scanty,—indeed it was scarcely possible to do perfect justice to a subject so multifarious at the first attempt, especially by a pen so inexperienced as mine;—but I trust I shall not be found to have deviated from truth, and it will be my endeavour, if the work should be thought worthy of another edition, to remedy so far as I am able the imperfections of the present.

There is certainly no portion of the kingdom, of equal extent, that exhibits such a diversity of interesting objects as the western. For the study of mineralogy, in particular, and the
mining

mining art, this district possesses superior advantages. Cornwall, a county of quite a primeval aspect in regard to the stratification of substances, contains an inexhaustible store of metal in its bowels. The bold mountains of Dartmoor and Mendip also are not without their metallic treasures, and here too nature appears in her rudest and wildest form,——

“ —— immunis rastroque intacta nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus,”

Of sublime as well as decorated scenery the most striking specimens will be found; with respect to the former, some parts of Cornwall and North Devon cannot be exceeded in our island, and, as to the latter, the southern coast of Devonshire and many spots in Somersetshire are perhaps unrivalled.—The stupendous remains of ancient architecture,—of structures erected in the earliest ages; the extensive military works; and the more modern relics of monastic grandeur scattered on all sides must be in the highest degree interesting to the antiquary, and cannot
but

but awaken the feelings and meditations of the man of general taste.

It would be a great want both of candour and gratitude not to acknowledge the assistance which I have been fortunate enough to receive in this undertaking. I derived great advantages on my first tour from the company of Charles Hatchett, Esq. F. R. S. whose skill in mineralogy is too well known to need mention here. To Francis Webb, Esq. of Brasted, in Kent, I am indebted for memoirs of his friend the late Mr. Giles Hufsey, which will occur in this volume. My obligation to other gentlemen I have taken opportunities of expressing in the body of the work. But there is one whose name I cannot mention in *any* place in terms of respect at all adequate to my feelings, or correspondent to the encouragement which he extends to every attempt, however humble, to contribute to the stock of natural knowledge; his liberality and condescension are shewn with

no view indeed but to the interests of science, which, whilst dignifying by personal character and acquirements the chair of one of the most distinguished Societies in the world, he has promoted beyond all prior example.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

WESTERN COUNTIES.



DORSETSHIRE.



THE first object to engage the attention of a traveller entering Dorsetshire by the great western turnpike is the *Via Iceniana*, or Iken-*Via Iceniana*. ing Street, which appears on the right, after passing through a part of Cranborn Chace, and

Dorset. crosses the road near Woodyates.* It does not remain very perfect in its progress from Old Sarum to this spot, but may be afterwards traced pretty distinctly to Badbury, stretching over the plains on the left, and approaching the village of Moore-Critchill. Spetisbury being our first place of destination, we took the Roman road in some measure for our guidance, and surveyed the remains of antiquity which accompany its course.

About a mile and an half from Woodyates Inn, we observed several *tumuli*, or barrows, some of which are extremely large. There are also four circular trenches, each about sixty feet in diameter, and having a sort of hillock in the

* On the left, a large *wallum* is observable, which crosses the road just at the point where the Ikening Street does, beginning a little west of Grovely, in Wiltshire, and passing near Chirkbury, Broadchalk, and Woodyates, and thence in a south-east direction to the Stour, not far west from Christchurch, in Hampshire.—It is supposed by Dr. Stukely to have been thrown up before Cæsar's time, perhaps by the *Belgæ*, and serves at present to divide the counties of Wilts and Dorset.

centre,

centre, that appears to be depressed or sunk in the middle. It is probable that these last were used in the performance of some religious or funereal rites, and are coeval with the former; that they are as old as the British times, seems evident from the following circumstance: the Roman road reduces the size of one of them that lay in the line of its course, the bank being in one part incomplete. On the declivity of the hill to the left, there are vestiges of some extensive entrenchments, which afford reason for believing that this spot might once have been the scene of an important battle.

Dorset.

We passed by CRITCHILL HOUSE, a seat of Charles Sturt, Esq.* which stands in a well wooded spot, and is a very large mansion, but of an irregular form. It was built by Sir William Napier. There is a piece of water, which, though artificial, has been managed to sufficient

Critchill
House.

* Now in the occupation of the Prince of Wales.

Dorset. advantage for producing the effect of a broad fine river.

Badbury. BADBURY is situated on a considerable eminence, about four miles north-west from Winborn, the *Vindogladia* of Antoninus, to which it appears to have been a summer station. It was afterwards occupied, however, by the Saxons. We read of Edward the elder posting himself here, when on the march to punish his rebellious kinsman, Ethelward, who had taken Winborn. The Roman road leads to the north-east entrance of this fine encampment, which consists of three somewhat oblong ramparts, and the inmost part commands a most extensive horizon. The Isle of Wight may be seen to the south-east, and the Purbeck hills bound the view towards the south. A great number of Roman coins, urns, &c. have been found here, and are in the possession of Henry Bankes, Esq. of Kingston Hall.

**Kingston
Hall.**

KINGSTON HALL may be seen from Badbury,

bury, and is remarkable for having been a long time the residence of James, the first Duke of Ormond. It is a large pile of building, and contains some admirable pictures* by Vandyke and other eminent painters.

Dorset.

Taking leave for the present of the Ikening Street, we crossed the river Stour by CRAWFORD Bridge.—This Bridge consists of thirteen arches; it underwent considerable repairs about the year 1506, when forty days of indulgence were granted to such as would contribute to the work.† The stones being placed chequer-wise, confirm this account of the date of the Bridge, for it was a fashion very prevalent at that period. We saw no remains of the Abbey of Crawford,‡ though the conventual barn is still standing.

Crawford
Bridge.

* Among these is a most beautiful landscape by Berghem.

† See Hutchins's History of Dorset, vol. 2, p. 190.

‡ *Tarrant* Crawford is the *proper* name of the village.

Dorset.

The Nunnery is said to have been founded for Nuns of the Cistercian order, by Bishop Poore, who was born here, and for whose memory I cannot help feeling a veneration, as he was the founder also of that beautiful edifice (justly the boast of my native city) Salisbury Cathedral. This distinguished Prelate gained the favor of the Pope, by his courtesy and kindness to the Apostolic Legate, whom he assisted in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs. The zeal and loyalty which he discovered when Lewis, the French King's son, attempted to seat himself on the English throne, gained him the attachment also of his Sovereign, Henry III. to whom, probably, the Bishop was most indebted for his munificent preferences in the church. After being removed from the Deanry of Salisbury to the Bishoprick of Chichester, (in which he continued but a few years) he came to the episcopal throne of the former diocese. In the year 1225, however, he

was

was again removed from Salisbury, and exalted to the see of Durham.* *Dorset.*

SPETISBURY is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Stour, three miles from Blandford, and is a village of considerable extent. To the right of the road passing through it to Poole, there is a very perfect encampment, (called *Spetisbury Ring*) which has been considered by some as a Roman, and by others as a Saxon one. Its proximity to the Ikening Street, (which runs about a mile distant) seems at first to countenance the former supposition; but the same circumstance induces me to think that it was constructed after the Roman times. If it had been a Roman station, the road would certainly have been made to communicate with it, either directly, or by means of a vicinal branch, no traces of which are to be perceived. Besides, the rampart is nearly circular, and several

* *Antiq. Sarisburienses*, p. 137.

Dorset. Saxon coins have been found within its area.
The entrance is from the north-west.

Charbo-rough. CHARBOROUGH, the seat of R. E. D. Grosvenor, Esq. (which lay in our road to Wareham) is not undeserving of mention. Every lover of the British constitution, as established by the Revolution of 1688, must feel a reverence for the spot where that glorious event was concerted. Over the door of a small house, in the grounds, appears the following inscription, viz :

“ Under this roof, in the year 1686,
 A set of patriotic gentlemen of this place
 Concerted the plan of the glorious Revolution
 With the immortal King William,
 To whom we owe our deliverance
 From Popery and slavery ;
 The expulsion of the tyrant race of
Stuarts ;
 The restoration of our liberties ;

Secu-

Security of our properties ;
Establishment of our national honor and wealth.

Dorset.

Englishmen, remember this Æra ! and
consider that your Liberty by the virtues
of your Ancestors must be
maintained by yourselves.

Dorset.

1780.

Thomas Erle Drax."

As we approached Morden, a village about four miles from Wareham, we found ourselves incommoded by a deep sand, and on the verge of a wide heath. The country over which we had hitherto passed was wholly of chalk, and exhibited in general an open, unornamented aspect. Our view in front was now terminated by the hills of Purbeck, but we obtained a glance of the sea gliding into Poole harbour.

On the heath between Morden and Wareham, *Exacum filiforme* (marsh centaury) appears in great profusion. This rare little plant has
never,

Dorset. never, I believe, been found farther northward. It grows on spots overflowed in the winter (*locis hieme inundatis.*)

Wareham. WAREHAM was once a very large and populous town, though, in consequence of frequent ravages by fire, devastations by wars, and the retreat of the sea from its port, now an inconsiderable place. In Edward the Confessor's time, it had two mints; and William the Conqueror added to its importance by building a strong castle, of which, however, there is nothing to point out the site, except the name of *Castle-close*, a spot which is now a deal-yard, on the south-west side of the town. Traces of other fortifications may be seen in several places.

Near St. Mary's Church, there are some remains of a priory, (now converted into a dwelling and malt house) which was one of the most ancient religious establishments in the county, and is said to have been founded by St. Adhelm,

Adhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, about the year 709. *Dorset.*

We noticed two churches besides St. Mary's, but divine service has been discontinued in them, and they are going fast to decay. The latter is a spacious, handsome fabric, with an embattled tower.

At the distance of four miles from Wareham stands the town of Corfe-Castle. Near the road a very fine clay is procured; large quantities of it are sent from Wareham to Poole, and thence into Staffordshire and various parts of the kingdom, for the manufacture of earthen ware. The colour is almost white, and the pits appear to be about twelve or fourteen feet deep.

The remains of the CASTLE of CORFE appear most strikingly grand at the distance of half a mile. The hill on which they stand is very high, and abrupt northward; it seemed before .

Dorset.

before we approached it to be in a line with the lofty ridge that runs from the easternmost to the westernmost part of Purbeck, and is interrupted only by a valley of sufficient extent to disclose a full view of the ruin. A compact white limestone forms the substance of these hills, and appears to have been serviceable for filling up the walls of the Castle,

On the side towards the town, ascent to the Castle is easy. We pass over a strong bridge crossing a moat of considerable depth, and then under the great gate, which remains pretty perfect. Proceeding through the first or outer ward, we arrive at the gate of the second, the ruins of which, and of the tower near it, are very remarkable. The latter (which once adjoined to the gate) was separated with a part of the arch, at the time of the demolition of the Castle, and it moved down the precipice, preserving its perpendicularity, and projecting almost five feet below the corresponding part. Another of the towers on the same side is, on
the



Castle, Castle

Castle, Castle

the contrary, inclined so much, that a spectator will tremble when passing under it. The singular positions of these towers seem to have been occasioned in consequence of the foundation being undermined (for blowing them up) in an incomplete manner; though indeed the purpose was as much answered as if they had been shattered to pieces. On the highest part of the hill stands the keep, or citadel, which is at some distance from the centre of the fortress, and commands a view of boundless extent to the north and west. It has not hitherto suffered much diminution of its original height, the fury of the winds being resisted less by the thickness of the walls than by the strength of the cement. The upper windows have Saxon arches, but are apparently of a later date than another part of the building west of the keep, the stones of which being placed *herring-bone fashion*, prove it to be of the earliest stile. One may discover that the chapel is of a very late date, from its obtuse Gothic arches; and I have really an idea that almost all the changes of architecture from the
reign.

Dorset.

Dorset. reign of Edgar to that of Henry VII. may be traced in this extensive and stupendous ruin.

We could not view without horror the dungeons which remain in some of the towers : they recalled to our memory the truly diabolical cruelty of King John, by whose order twenty-two French prisoners confined in them were starved to death. Matthew of Paris, the historian, says that many of these unfortunate men were among the first of the Poitevin nobility. Another instance of John's barbarous disposition, was his treatment of Peter of Pontefract, a poor hermit, who was imprisoned in Corfe Castle, for prophesying the deposition of that prince. Though the prophecy was in some measure fulfilled by the surrender which John made of his crown to the Pope's Legate the year following, the imprudent prophet was sentenced to be dragged through the streets of Wareham tied to horses' tails.

The time at which Corfe Castle was built is
very

very uncertain, but it is most probable that the foundation was laid in the reign of Edgar. It was certainly a place of great strength and importance from the time of his son Edward to the reign of Charles I. when it was taken by the Parliamentary forces, and partly destroyed by gunpowder. Lord Chief Justice Bankes was Governor at this last-mentioned period, but, being absent when an attempt was made upon it by Sir Walter Erle, his Lady acquired great honor from the resistance which she made.—The manor still remains in the possession of that family. When complete, Corfe Castle must have been one of the most magnificent fortresses in the kingdom. Its circumference is full half a mile. The scattered fragments of the walls, the inclination of the towers, and the loftiness of the situation, cannot fail to strike the traveller extremely; and he will not, perhaps, lament that he cannot see it in a more perfect state.

Dorset.

It was here that Edward, son of Edgar, is said to have been assassinated, by order of his mother—

Dorset. mother-in-law, Elfrida. How this affaffination could give the unfortunate Monarch any claim to be confidered as a martyr, I have always been at a lofs to conceive. It muft have been the affection of the monks, more than the manner of his death, that was the means of gaining him fo glorious a title. Here too another ill-fated prince endured a part of his misfortunes—I mean Edward II. who was removed hither a prifoner from Kenelworth Caftle, by order of the Queen, and her favourite, Mortimer. This was the preparatory ftep to his murder, which took place at Berkeley Caftle, in Gloucefterfhire.

The town of Corfe-Caftle, though a borough, is a miserable place, and of very fmall extent. The church feems to have been built at an early period. Two Saxon pillars remain at the porch fupporting a Gothic arch, which was evidently fubftituted for a ruinous circular one.

A tolerably good road leads direftly from
Corfe

Dorset.

Corfe-Castle to Swanwich, and the distance is about six miles, but we preferred taking rather a longer route, in order to enjoy a more extensive view. Our track lay over a part of the range of hills mentioned before; it is not passable, however, in a carriage. Having ascended these mountainous heights, we turned about in order to observe once more the majestic ruins of the Castle, which, relieved by the broad shade of the hills behind them, were extremely bold and picturesque. The valley on our right exhibited a most agreeable intermixture of cottages, gardens, and pastures; and on the left we saw the full extent of Poole-harbour, which had all the stillness and calmness of a great lake. But a more sublime spectacle awaited us. Proceeding over NINE-BARROW DOWN, we obtained a view, not only of the town and bay of Swanwich, but of a vast tract of the British Channel beyond it, the sandy shores of Hampshire, the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight, and to complete the astonishing effect of the scene.

Nine-barrow
Down.

Dorset. a fleet of an hundred ships sailing with a fine gale westward.

Nine-barrow Down, derives its name from nine barrows in a line, which are supposed to be of British construction. According to the late trigonometrical survey, the most elevated part of this down is six hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea, reckoning from low-water mark. The ridge terminates at Handfast-point, (near Studland) the white front of which is opposite to the high point near the Needles, and I cannot help thinking that it might once have formed a part of the fine chain of hills that passes by Motteston-down, towards Brading-harbour, in the Isle of Wight. From Handfast-point the ridge may be traced in nearly a straight direction almost to Luckford-lake.

Enchanted with the amazing extent and grandeur of prospect which appeared from Nine-barrow Down, we gazed, insensible of our progress,

grefs, until the fteepnefs of the road (now winding down the fide of the hill) excited our alarm, and induced us to difmount, and lead our horfes. Reaching at length (what was *called*) a turnpike-road, flanked with bold fwells of ground, we foon found ourfelves on the fand of Swanwich-bay.

Dorſet.

SWANWICH is fituated in a very low ſpot, Swanwich: but it enjoys a pleaſing ſea-ſcene, bounded by Peverel-point, on one ſide, and Studland-foreland on the other. The bay is extremely commodious for the bathing machine, and, of courſe, attracts a few families to the town in the watering ſeaſon. A great quantity of ſtone is ſhipped from the quay, and previously cut into convenient maſſes for paving and building. We were informed that nearly fifty thouſand tons are put on board annually, the beſt ſort ſelling for twelve ſhillings per ton at the veſſel. Having taken up our abode for a night at an inn ſituated near the ſcene of buſineſs, we were awakened at ſo early an hour by the chipping of ſtone, and the

Dorset. vocal music with which the workmen chose to amuse themselves, that we did not feel ourselves much disposed to rejoice at the prosperity of the trade. All the houses are of stone, the quarries of which are close to the town.

The stone just mentioned is composed of shells and other marine *exuviae*, closely cemented together by a calcareous spar. Immense rocks of it extend along the coast to St. Adhelm's head, and beyond, and it seems to be the *basis* of the southern part of Purbeck. It exhibits different degrees of fineness, and the decomposition of the shells is much farther advanced in some specimens than in others. Some may be cut to a very smooth surface; this sort, (of which the pillars of Salisbury Cathedral are composed) is called *Purbeck-marble*.*

In the interstices of the *strata* of limestone

* *Saxum fusco-albidum*, of Da Costa.

See Natural History of Fossils, p. 152.

about Peverel-point we observed numerous *Dorset.*
glittering crystals of selenite, formed in a sort
fibrous marl. The surface of this marl is here
and there covered with a fine farinaceous *gyp-*
sum, and it appears also in an indurated state,
constituting alternate *strata* with the limestone.
Pyrites abounds in the latter, and hence the sul-
phuric acid concerned in the formation of the
selenite and *gypsum* seems to be obtained.

The shore about PEVEREL-POINT is very *Peverel-*
dangerous to mariners. Large masses of rock *point.*
(which fell, probably, at some period or other,
from the adjacent eminences, undermined by
the sea) lie at no great depth below the surface
of the water, and in some places rear their heads
above it. It was here that the memorable wreck
of the Danish fleet, in the year 877, is supposed
to have happened. A violent storm (and, pro-
bably, their ignorance of the coast) carried them
close to the point, and one hundred and twenty
sail were wholly lost.

Dorset.

From Swanwich we made an excursion to the village of Studland, the Agglestone, the Isle of Brownsea, and Poole.—It is advisable to take a boat at Swanwich, and thence to coast along first to Studland.

Studland.

STUDLAND is situated near a romantic range of cliffs, which end in a narrow neck of land, called the *South-haven-point*, and form a boundary to Poole-harbour. The cliffs are composed of a compact yellow sand-stone, in which there are several grottos and cavities, darkened by overhanging shrubs.—Ferrugineous sand-stone abounds throughout the north-east part of Purbeck, which is a bleak unfruitful heath; and, on account of its proximity to the sea, cliffs and heaps of sand are continually accumulating.

Moist semi-oxygenated particles of iron, it is well known, have an agglutinating power ;—the
Agglestone. AGGLESTONE, therefore, which is composed of ferrugineous sand-stone, appears to me to have been formed on the spot, and there can be no
necessity

Dorset.

necessity for supposing that the Druids (if it be true that it is a Druidical monument) would bring so enormous a mass from a distance.— This extraordinary insulated rock, is situated on the heath, not far from Studland, and is about eighty feet in circumference, at a medium, the height being about twenty. It is somewhat in the shape of an inverted cone. The spot whereon it stands is raised like a barrow. This circumstance occasioned the conjecture that it was erected as a monument to some British chief, interred below. Whether it was intended for a sepulchral memorial, or whether the heap of earth was thrown up only to render the top of the rock accessible, the name *Agglestone** certainly means to shew that it was erected for some superstitious purpose.—The country people call it the *Devil's night-cap*, and there is a tradition that his Satanic Majesty threw it from the Isle of Wight, with an intent to demolish Corfe-Castle, but that it dropped short here !

* From the Saxon *balig-stan*, i. e. *holy stone*.

Dorset.

From Studland cliffs, the opposite shores of Lymington and the Isle of Wight seemed to unite, and form an immense bay. Hengistbury-head screened from our view the town of Christchurch, but we saw several of the adjacent villages. The blaze of a meridian sun dyed the sea with a variety of beautiful tints, and rendered the scene before us strikingly splendid and interesting.

A narrow space of sea separates Purbeck
Brownsea. from the Isle of BROWNSEA, which it may not be amiss for the naturalist to explore, but it is not inviting to an ordinary traveller, there being nothing to attract his attention, except an embattled mansion, called *Brownsea Castle*. This building was erected by the corporation of Poole, and fortified by them at the time of the civil wars, for the defence of the harbour and town. The late Humphry Sturt, Esq. made considerable additions to it, and, retaining only a battery for the protection of the mouth of the harbour, rendered it a very convenient residence
for

for the enjoyment of sea air. The island is not more than three miles in circumference, and is a wild exposed spot, though there are plantations of firs near the house, and some parts are made to produce a little corn. Being situated at the mouth of Poole-harbour, through which a strong current will sometimes drive, it cannot always be visited with safety. Time would not allow us to survey Brownsea minutely, but I have no doubt that a botanist (with the advantage of leisure) would find much amusement in it.

Dorset.

The land opposite Brownsea, is called the NORTH-SHORE. Here most of the English North-shore. marine shells may, at particular seasons, be collected.—The collector is most likely to succeed after what is called a *ground sea* and a spring tide.

The prospect as we proceeded up Poole-harbour, was uniform and uninteresting. From the quay the ruins of Corfe-Castle may be seen,
but

Doiset. but mists are continually hovering about the summits of the surrounding hills, and render them obscure.

Poole. POOLE* is by no means well built, the streets being narrow and irregular; it is, however, a populous large town, and is supposed to contain seven thousand inhabitants. The Newfoundland trade was the cause of its great increase within these few years, and is its principal support. There is a large importation of deals, from Norway, and the eastern part of the county obtains its supply of Newcastle coal chiefly from this port.—The town is situated at the extremity of a peninsula, the sea surrounding it in every direction except the northern. Being on the borders of a wide desolate heath, and on an unsheltered shore, it is far from being inviting. By a charter of Elizabeth, this place was made

* The name of *Poole* originated, probably, from the smoothness of the harbour, which appears like a standing water, or *pool*.

a county, within itself, and enjoys an extensive jurisdiction, and very considerable privileges. *Dorset.*

On the shore we found employment of a very laborious kind, having to contend almost with impenetrability itself, in order to obtain specimens of the various masses of rock, deposited by ships, which bring them as ballast. We were much pleased with our mineral acquisitions, among which were many species of granite, porphyry, basalt, &c. but our gratification would have been much greater, could we have traced out their native situations. In the eyes of the astonished (and perhaps *pitying*) spectators, we certainly gained neither credit nor respect for our pains. Even some of my Readers would have been inclined to smile, I believe, if they had seen us wielding our formidable large hammer, and expressing our rapture at every splinter that yielded to its force.

We were informed of a singular appearance, with respect to the tides, in Poole-harbour.

The

Dorset. The sea ebbs and flows four times in twenty-four hours;—twice when the moon is at south-east and north-west, and twice when she is at south by east and north by west. Two of these tides seem to be occasioned by the Isle of Brownsea, which obstructing the water as it runs towards the mouth of the harbour, causes it to flow back again;—this is the second flood.—In the harbour the ebb and flood appear alternately every six hours. The ebb, at low water, between the coast of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, runs so strong that it shoots into Poole-harbour, (which lies in the line of its course) so that when it is low water at Hurst-castle, it is high water here.*

As we returned towards Swanwich, we ob-

* The Euripus (separating Eubœa from the main land) is said to be affected by tides in a still more remarkable manner, ebbing and flowing *seven* times in twenty-four hours——

“ Euripus undas flectit instabilis vagas,

“ Septemque rursus flectit, et toquidem refert,

“ Dum lassum Titan mergit oceano jubar.”

Senec. Herc. Oct. act. 3.

ferred *Salifolia fruticosa*, (shrub stone-crop) growing very abundantly about a mile from Poole, on the north-east side of the harbour.—*Santolina maritima*, (sea cud-weed) another of our *plantæ rariores*, has been found hereabout. *Dorset.*

Having completed our observations at Swanwich, and in its vicinity, we directed our course towards St. Adhelm's (vulgarly called *St. Alban's*) head, one of the most elevated parts of the Purbeck coast. In our way we had sight of a fine sweep of the sea, bounded westward by the bold promontory of Portland, and eastward by the cliffs of Freshwater, melting into the atmosphere.

ST. ADHELM'S HEAD did not fail to recall St. Adhelm's head. to our memory the loss of the *Halfewell East-Indiaman*,* with the melancholy circumstances that attended it. The cliff bearing this name

* Wrecked near this cliff, January 6, 1786.

Dorset. rises to the height of four hundred and forty feet, almost perpendicularly, and caverns in it may be perceived through the fissures on the top. The ruins of a small square chapel, standing on the very brink of the precipice, and exposed to the full fury of the winds, add to the awful effect of the situation. It was dedicated to St. Adhelm, and seems to have been anciently a chantry, in which religious rites were performed for the safety of mariners, whose perils must often have been most audibly announced to the priest, by the thundering roar of the waves against the rocks. Some part of the roof (which is supported by a single massy pillar, and four circular arches, crossing in the centre) has fallen in, but enough of the building remains to deserve the attention of the antiquary, who will be pleased with the simplicity of this curious specimen of Saxon architecture.

We now proceeded towards Kimmeridge, remarkable for its fossil (or stone) coal.—We had intended to take a direct course along the
cliffs

cliffs from St. Adhelm's head, but were soon convinced of the impracticability of this plan, by seeing the chasms which interrupt the rocks on the sea side. Being obliged, therefore, to take a much longer route, we passed by Encombe, the seat of W. M. Pitt, Esq. We had no reason to regret the prolongation of our journey, as our track brought us to spots unlike what we had expected. Deep valleys (our descent into which was, in some places almost perpendicular) with here and there a picturesque groupe of cottages, a clump of trees, rapid rills gliding down from the higher grounds, and occasionally an opening to the Channel, had a pleasing and romantic effect.

Dorset.

ENCOMBE is situated in one of these valleys, ornamented with several fine plantations, and a piece of water near the house so happily managed as to have the appearance, from the windows, of forming a part of the sea, which terminates the view along the valley. Here stood the ancient seat of the Cullifords, which
being

Encombe.

Dorset. being much decayed, was entirely pulled down in the year 1734, and an elegant house erected on the site of it by the father of the present worthy possessor.

Leaving Encombe, we followed a road which led us over a noble eminence to the coast again, *Kimmeridge.* and we soon found out KIMMERIDGE,—a miserable village, situated about a mile from the sea. The ridge terminates here abruptly, but the ground presently begins to rise in the same direction. We had lost the shelly limestone, and observed that the hills were now composed of a white compact species, with veins of chert, which are very narrow, and appear only towards the base of them. There seems to be a transition of one of these substances into the other, for we discovered that such parts of the veins of chert as were contiguous to the limestone effervesced slightly with acids, forming an intermediate species as it were; both had a strong bituminous smell when rubbed with steel. The

strata

strata make a considerable angle with the horizon.

Dorset.

The fossil-coal is dug out of the cliffs close to the sea, about twelve or fourteen feet from the top. It is nothing more than an argillaceous slate in a high degree of impregnation with bitumen, and of a blackish brown colour. The principal bed seems to be about three feet deep, but does not extend far from the shore.—In order to see how this substance burned, we intruded ourselves into a little hamlet, a smoke from the chimney of which announced to us that the *process* of roasting or boiling was going on within. A good old woman satisfied our curiosity, by shewing us that it burned very freely and gave out a strong degree of heat.

There is a pleasant valley, running westward from Swanwich, which we crossed, and ascended the lofty range of hills, mentioned before, in describing the situation of Corfe Castle.—The prospect hence is as vast as it is magnificent.

Dorset.

Christchurch, Ringwood, and Lymington were discernible, and a large tract of the New Forest, the whole landscape being finely set off, at this time, by large masses of shade, formed by the partial clouds which floated in the atmosphere. —Our ride along this commanding eminence towards Lullworth, gave us a distinct idea of the *geography* of Purbeck, which certainly does not deserve the name of a peninsula, much less that of an *island*, for Luckford-lake (its boundary to the west) seems to be too inconsiderable a stream to be taken into the account. Purbeck is bounded by the sea in every other direction, except indeed the northern, where it is washed by the Frome. The face of it, southwardly, is diversified with hill and dale, interspersed with brooks, and enriched with corn-fields, coppices, and pastures. The soil is altogether calcareous, and, for the most part, a continued mass of limestone, either white and unmixed with shells, or brownish and replete with them. We saw no flint until we descended towards Lullworth, when large nodules appeared.

—That

—That part of Purbeck which lies north of the ridge is a sandy unfruitful heath,—the same as extends to Bere and Morden, and surrounds the whole of Poole-harbour.

Dorset.

LULLWORTH CASTLE, (the seat of Edward Weld, Esq.) situated at East Lullworth, appears to great advantage as we descend the Purbeck hills. It is a square, embattled mansion, of considerable height, and flanked with four circular towers. It was built about the year 1600 by Thomas, Viscount Bindon, out of the materials of Mount Poynings and Bindon Abbey. The latter was situated at a very short distance.

Lullworth
Castle.

At Lullworth Castle the *connoisseur* will have the gratification of seeing a collection of portraits, in pencil, by the late Mr. Giles Hufsey. Giles Hufsey,

The notions entertained by this very ingenious artist, and the principles which he practised in the exercise of his profession, were very peculiar. He contended that the principles of

Dorset. harmony obtained generally, throughout nature, and even in the proportions of the human form, these proportions being as delightful to the eye, in works of art, as they are, in sounds, to the ear; and that the former sense was as capable of judging of these harmonious proportions as the latter. Ideas similar to these indeed were entertained by many of the early philosophers, particularly by Pythagoras,* but it does not appear that they were ever applied, or extended, in so extraordinary a manner as by our artist. He always drew the human head by the musical scale, alledging that every human face was in harmony with itself; that however accurate the delineation of it from nature might be, in consequence of an artist having a very nice eye and hand, yet some little touches necessary to complete the likeness would be wanting, after all possible care; and that the only true criterion

* “Πάντα εἰσιν ἀρμονία.”

Harmony prevails in all things.

by which it could be known that any two things, in drawing, were exactly alike, was to procure a third, as a kind of mean proportional, by a comparison with which the exact similarity of the other two might be proved. Accordingly, after he had sketched a drawing of a face from nature, he applied thereto his musical scale, and observed in what correspondent points (taking the whole face, or profile, for the *octave*, or fundamental) the great lines of the features fell. Adhering to his principle, that every face was in harmony with itself, (though sometimes it might be a *concordia discors*) after the *key note* was found, he of course discovered the correspondent ratios, or proportions; so that if, on applying the scale thus rectified, as it were, to the drawing, he found any of the features or principal points of the face out of their proper places, by making them correspond to the scale, he always perceived that such corrections produced a better and more characteristic likeness.

Dorset.

A friend having once remarked to Mr. H.

Dorset.

that, though this principle might hold true respecting the whole of the human frame, when drawn quite formal and upright, and to the human face, (especially in profile) yet he doubted whether it would apply in all the various attitudes into which the human body might be thrown,—he replied, you will find that my principles hold good universally, if you consider these different attitudes as different *bars* in music. Having produced a Madonna and child of Carracci, he exemplified his meaning. The child was standing on one leg, the other bent, and leaning on the Madonna's breast. "This," said he, "is a beautiful boy, and elegantly drawn, but now I will trace him exactly, apply the scale, and correct every part thereby, and then we shall see if he come not out more beautiful still, and more elegant." He did so, and the intended effect followed.—Thus much must certainly be allowed by all who have seen Mr. Hufsey's pencil drawings from life, that he has preserved the best characteristic likenesses of any artist whatever; and, with respect to those
of

of mere fancy, no man ever exceeded him in accuracy and elegance, simplicity and beauty. *Dorset.*

The academical drawings which he left at Bologna (notwithstanding the school has been often *purged* as it is called, by removing old drawings to make room for those of superior merit) are preserved to this day, and shewn, on account of their great excellence.

It would be wrong to conclude my digression on the subject of Mr. Hufsey, without adding some account of the person and manners of that extraordinary man. He was of a middle stature, remarkably well made, and upright even to the last. His eye was quick, intelligent, and piercing, and it changed, as well as his whole countenance, with astonishing rapidity and expression, according to the various emotions of his mind. By habitual temperance, carried almost to excess, Mr. H. enjoyed firm and uninterrupted health. His application to study was indefatigable and unremitting. He used to say that he was never
D 4 weary,

Dorset. weary, and that he could apply himself ten hours in a day to study, without languor or fatigue. He had a natural turn for geometry, and by his peculiar use of figures was enabled, in a singular manner, to give very concise and elegant solutions of mathematical problems. Had he not been a devotee to a system of religion, the great principle of which is a subjection of the mind to authority, whereby the native energy and spring of the understanding must necessarily be impaired, and, in some instances, wholly subdued, he would probably have risen to a very considerable eminence as a scientific man. He was serious, but not morose—grave, yet decorously cheerful, and the purity of his mind was unblemished. His modesty was that of unadulterated youth. His humility was equal to his modesty, yet he knew his own powers, and felt his strength and superiority, whenever he saw arrogance assuming, or conceit insulting. In short, he appears to have been a truly great and good character.—Having, from religious motives, made a voluntary resignation of all his worldly

worldly possessions to a near relation, he retired to Beaston, near Ashburton, in Devonshire. Here, as he was one day employed in gardening, he suddenly fell down, and as if by "*stroke etheréal slain*," instantly expired. This happened in June, 1788, about three months after he had completed the seventy-eighth year of his age.*

Dorset.

Within

* Left the above sketch of the character of Mr. Hufsey should be considered as too partial, I cannot avoid inserting the words of that eminent and liberal artist Mr. Barry, who thought the former worthy of a distinguished place among the illustrious men represented in the great room of the Academy of Arts, and who is by far a better judge of his professional merit than I can possibly be. "The public (says he) are likely never to know the whole of what they have lost in Mr. Hufsey. The perfections that were possible to him but a very few artists can conceive, and it would be time lost to attempt giving an adequate idea of them in words.—My attention was first turned to this great character by a conversation I had, very early in life, with Mr. Stuart, better known by the name of *Athenian Stuart*—an epithet richly merited by the essential advantages Mr. S. has rendered the public, by his establishing just ideas, and a true taste for the Grecian arts. The discovery of this truly intelligent and very candid artist, and what I saw of the works of Hufsey, had altogether made such an impression on my mind, as may be conceived, but cannot be expressed. With fervor I went abroad, eager to re-trace all Hufsey's steps, through the Greeks, through Raffæelle, through dissected nature, and to add what he had been cruelly torn away from by a laborious intense study, and investigation of the Venetian school. In the hours

Dorset, Within Mr. Weld's grounds, there is an house appropriated by him to the accommodation of some emigrant Monks of *La Trappe*, who wear their proper habits, and practise undisturbed all the rigid duties prescribed by the founder of their order. The situation of the monastery* cannot fail to foster that religious enthusiasm under the influence of which alone so singular an institution can continue to gain or preserve votaries. A fine vale in front of it affords an uninterrupted prospect along the quiet banks of the Frome to Poole-harbour, and through a most beautiful opening, formed by a sudden sinking of the hills which bound the view to the

hours of relaxation, I naturally endeavoured to recommend myself to the acquaintance of such of Mr. Hufsey's intimates as were still living; they always spoke of him with delight, and from the whole of what I could learn abroad, added to the information I received from my very amiable and venerable friend Mr. Moser, since my return, Hufsey must have been one of the most friendly and companionable of men, and the farthest removed from all spirit of strife and contention."

* Since my visit to Lullworth Castle, I have been informed that the society now reside in a house built solely for their reception, near Warbarrow cliff.

South,

South, the main sea displays itself, either in the serenity of a calm, or the awful horrors of a tempest. The woods of the park screen and close in on the monastery to the north. *Dorset.*

The monastic order of *La Trappe* is of French origin, and one of the most austere and self-denying of all the institutions of this nature. One strong instance of their unsocial and unnatural discipline is the profound silence which is enjoined them, and which is never broken, unless on very extraordinary occasions, and with the leave of the superior of the convent. They shun the sight of women, and in their diet are so abstemious, that they live solely on vegetables, never tasting flesh, fish, or wine. Their employment, in the intervals between their religious rites, is generally the cultivation of a garden, or any other manual labour.

The founder of this order is said to have been a French nobleman, whose name was *Bouthillier de Rance*, a man of pleasure and dissipation, which

Dorset. which were suddenly converted into the deepest devotion and melancholy by the following circumstance : His affairs had obliged him to absent himself for some time from a lady with whom he had lived in the most intimate and tender connexions. On his return to Paris, he contrived a plan in order to surprise her agreeably, and to satisfy his impatient desire of seeing her, by going without ceremony or previous notice to her apartment. She lay stretched out an inanimate corpse, disfigured beyond conception by the small-pox, and the surgeon was about to separate the head from the body, because the coffin had been made too short ! He was a few minutes motionless with horror, and then retired abruptly from the world to a convent, in which he passed the remainder of his days in the greatest self-mortification and devotion.* The lively and sensible Lady Mary Wortley Montagu makes the following remarks,

* See Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters, vol. 3, p. 126.

after

after visiting one of these societies established between Fierenzuola and Florence :—" I cannot well form a notion," (says her Ladyship) " of that spiritual and extatic joy that is mixed with sighs, groans, hunger, and thirst, and the other complicated miseries of monastic discipline. It is a strange way of going to work for happiness, to excite an enmity between soul and body, which nature and providence have designed to live together in an union and friendship, and which we cannot separate like man and wife when they happen to disagree."

Dorset.

WEST LULLWORTH is about two miles from East Lullworth. It is much frequented by visitors from Weymouth, on account of its vicinity to Lullworth Castle and the curiosity of the cove, but is a very shabby village.

West Lull-
worth.

The distance of the Cove from our inn was not a mile.—This cove is a sort of natural basin, into which the sea runs through a wide gap in the cliff, sufficient for the entrance of a
small

Dorset,

small vessel. The rocks around it rise to a great height, particularly those opposite the entrance, which are composed of a hard, white calcareous grit. Those nearer to the main sea consist of a shelly limestone (similar to that of Peverel-point and St. Adhelm's head) and chert, and it is observable that the *strata* of these substances on one side of the cove correspond exactly to those on the other, both in direction and texture. It may be remarked too that the whole range quite from Peverel-point make the same angle* with the horizon, or nearly so, pitching, or dipping, in general to the north. The rocks west of the cove have been undermined in a singular manner by the sea, and there are large, grotesque caverns, through which it pours with an awful roar. Immense masses seem just ready to drop into the deep, exhibiting marks of some wonderful convulsion. Alterations in their aspect daily take place, and the depth and

* About forty-five degrees.

extent of the sea within the cove have considerably increased even in the memory of several natives of the village.

Dorset.

Alca Torda (razor-bill) and *A. arctica* (puffin) lay their eggs about the rocks of Lullworth. They generally make their first appearance towards the middle of May, and migrate before the end of August. The former deposits its eggs on the bare rocks, and even those belonging to different birds are placed contiguous to each other; but, what is still more remarkable, they are sometimes set upon one end, it is said, on the smooth rock in an exact equilibrium. These eggs are food for the country people, who often run most terrific risks by trusting themselves at the end of a rope to the strength of only one person above, if whose footing should be insecure, they must both tumble down the precipice together.—We saw *Corvus Graculus* (chough) flying over our heads, and were told that this bird builds, though in small numbers, in the cavities of the cliffs.

Among

Dorset.

Among the vegetable tribe inhabiting Lullworth Cove we noticed *Euphorbia Portlandica* (Portland-spurge.) *Lichen concentricus* appeared on the veins of chert, and a singular variety of *Fucus nodosus* on the shore.

Flowerbury
hill.

On the eastern side of the village, and overlooking the cove, is a fortification consisting of three ramparts and ditches, and with two entrances, one on the south-east, and the other on the south-west. Its form is oblong, but its ramparts are very slight on the south side, which is next to the sea. The people of the village call it FLOWERBURY HILL, but no idea can hence be formed whether the encampment be British, Roman, or Saxon. Hutchins, in his History of Dorset, conjectures that *Flower* is a corruption of *Florus*, the name of some Roman officer.

By the time that we had fully surveyed the Cove, the day closed, and the moon beginning to shed a beautiful lustre on the surface of the waves,

waves, presented us with a truly delightful spectacle. *Dorset.*

“ O’er the distant billows the still eve
“ Sail’d flow.”

ROWLES.

The tide gently rippled against the rocks, the broad white foreheads of which reflected large masses of light, and formed a fine contrast to the gloom of the overshadowed sea in the Cove;—the heavens were serene;—not a whisper of wind was heard;—and, in short, the beauty of the whole scene was so uncommonly exquisite that it seemed to have been raised by enchantment. We quitted this spot with reluctance, and not without many a pause to take a farewell peep at it.

A contemplative mind will always feel an indescribable pleasure,—a peculiar kind of internal ecstacy, which exalts its attention above the ordinary revolution of ideas, at a scene like that which I have mentioned. It will feel too an involuntary *religio*, which if encouraged can-

Dorset. not but have an useful effect on the moral order, and sensibility of the heart.

Wishing to continue our course along the coast, we proceeded from West-Lullworth to Weymouth, and passed as near as possible to the sea; in consequence of which we were much retarded by gates, hedges, and marshes. The aspect of the country is wild and dreary, and nothing occurred to interest us, except the multitude of barrows, which surround Weymouth in every direction. A ridge of limestone hills, washed at their feet by the sea, extend almost the whole way. There is a wide prospect to the right, and the obelisk in Mr. Pleydell's park, at Milborn, becomes a very conspicuous object.

Weymouth. WEYMOUTH, (so well known as the resort of people of fashion for the convenience of bathing) including Melcombe-Regis, is an extensive populous place. The shore is covered with a fine sand, and so flat, that, it is said, one might walk three hundred feet into the sea, without
being

being more than knee-deep. The two towns are separated only by a bridge crossing the river Wey, (which here falls into the sea) and were conjoined by an act made in the reign of Elizabeth. They send four members to Parliament, who are elected by the freeholders. A considerable trade is carried on with Newfoundland and other countries.

Dorset.

Melcombe-Regis was the birth-place of Sir James Thornhill, the painter, who represented it some time in parliament. In the parish-church there is a large and splendid altar-piece, painted and presented by him in 1721. Sir James died in 1732, leaving one daughter married to the celebrated Hogarth.

There was formerly a castle, called SANDES-FOOT, for the protection of the harbour, but it is now in ruins, and applied to no purpose whatever. Leland describes it as "*a right goodly and warlyke castel, having one open barbican.*" Its form was a parallelogram. There was a

Sandesfoot
Castle.

Dorset. platform originally on the south part of it for cannon. The walls, when entire, must have been both thick and lofty, and the whole structure handsome. Henry VIII. built castles on various parts of the coast after his defection from the see of Rome, being apprehensive of an invasion, and Sandesfoot seems to have been erected at that period. From this spot there is an extensive view of the Channel, but the most delightful place for a wide sea-scene is the *Esplanade*. Here the fine line of eminences that run along the coast on the left, and the heights of Portland overtopping the rising ground on the right, shut the sea into a magnificent bay.

The shore about Weymouth produces at particular seasons a great number of shells. The late Dutchess Dowager of Portland (whose rich and splendid cabinet will long be the theme of naturalists) was particularly successful here, but her Grace was often shamefully imposed upon by the fishermen whom she employed to drag.

The

The botanist may be much enriched by the great variety of *Fuci* which are thrown upon the beach; if stationary here for some weeks, he might no doubt find all the species that inhabit the southern coast of England. The gaiety and bustle of a fashionable watering place, however, are very unfriendly to the researches of the shy naturalist.

Dorset.



PORTLAND,

Is joined to the main land by a bank of pebbles called the *Chefil-bank*, which is nearly seventeen miles in length; it reaches Abbotsbury at the distance of ten from the peninsula. The narrow arm of sea that runs between this bank and the Weymouth side is called the *Fleet*, over which there is a ferry, about a mile from that town, and two miles from Chefilton, in Portland. The water is not more than a stone's-throw wide, but the current is often very strong, and not a little intimidating to horses.

Dorset.

On reaching the Chefil-bank, our attention was first attracted by the profusion of *Euphorbia Paralias* (sea-spurge) which grows very luxuriantly a great part of the way to Chefilton, and is often mistaken by young botanists for *Euphorbia Portlandica*. Just after crossing the ferry, *Asparagus Officinalis* appears, but very sparingly, and so diminutive that it may easily escape observation.

Chefilton.

CHEFILTON is the first and largest village in Portland, and from this place, where it commences, the Chefil bank takes its name. Here is a very comfortable *hotel* (one is forbidden to give it the degrading old English appellation of *inn*) and we took up our abode at it the night after our arrival, intending to make our *grand* survey of the peninsula the following day; in the mean time we viewed the vicinity of the village.

In front of Chefilton stands Portland Castle, commanding Weymouth road, and the residence
of

Dorset.

of the Governor of Portland whenever he honors the peninsula with his presence.—This was one of the last fortresses in the west of England that held out for the unfortunate Charles I. and the natives were so well affected to the royal cause that it was a great check upon the garrison at Weymouth. It is a very small building however, and incapable of resisting any attack.—On the wainscot of a little closet, over the gun-room is the following quaint inscription, viz.—
“ God save Kinge Henri the VIII. of that name, and prins Edwarde, begottin of Queene Jane, my ladi Mari that goodli virgin, and the ladi Elizabeth so towardli with the kinges honorable counsellers.”—The castle was built by Henry VIII. probably at the same time as Sandesfoot.

The rocks on the western side of the peninsula are, in some places, tremendously high, and large masses lie scattered on the shore. They are composed of a whitish freestone, or calcareous grit, containing molds, or *larvæ*, of various shells, and emitting, when rubbed with

Dorset. steel, a bituminous smell like that of the *lapis suillus*. The grit is cemented together by a calcareous paste, but the molds of *entrochi*, *vertebræ*, &c. which the stone contains, resemble in their composition the *hammites*, of Pliny, for the granules seem to unite only by the natural cohesive power of their surfaces.—The name of *freestone* is very expressive of the useful property of the Portland stone in enduring to be cut in any direction, whether horizontal, perpendicular, or parallel to the site of the *strata*. Bearing the injuries of the weather equally well in every position, it is extremely serviceable in building, and very generally used throughout the kingdom. It first came into repute in the time of James I. who made use of it, by the advice of his architects, for the Banqueting-house at Whitehall. St. Paul's and many other magnificent edifices were built with it.—In some parts of the rocks are immense *ammonitæ*, and we could trace regular veins of chert similar to those near Kimmeridge. We were informed that a stone coal also like that of the village just
men-

mentioned is found in Portland; when burnt to ashes it is used for manure, and perhaps to an argillaceous soil may be of great use.

Dorset.

Whilst we were making our observations, gulls and a great variety of water-fowl fluttered over our heads. Amidst the screams and wild notes of these birds, the roar of the waves, the *alpine* aspect of the rocks, and the dusk of evening, there was a sort of gloomy grandeur that highly interested us.

We commenced our tour of the peninsula at a very early hour.—Having ascended the high ground above Chefilton, we pursued a road leading towards the light-houses at the southern extremity of Portland. We seemed to be now about two hundred feet above the level of the sea.—Quarries appeared on each side of us just after we had reached the summit of the hill, but these were not very considerable ones, and we found their productions exactly similar to those of the rocks below. The *stratum* worked for
sale

Dorset. sale is nearly parallel to the surface of the ground, and but a few feet below it.

The whole space before us had a very wild, naked, and desolate aspect, and there was nothing to attract our attention in advancing towards the light-houses but the new church, which stands in about the centre of Portland, and is an handsome modern edifice. Its lofty spire serves as a sea-mark.—Though the building was completed at so late a period as the year 1764, I have been informed that the timbers are already becoming rotten, and that new pews must speedily be provided. This circumstance shews the great dampness of the situation, which seems to be the effect of the fogs that are continually hovering over the peninsula. On this account the harvest is always late here, though indeed it is not a large portion of ground that has been cultivated.

In the south-east part there is good pasture
for

for sheep, and the Portland mutton is much *Dorset.*
esteemed.

We observed astonishing swarms of *Gryllus campestris* (field-cricket.) The very ground seemed composed of animated particles leaping and adhering to every thing that traversed it.

The two light-houses stand at a very little distance from each other. One of them is almost new, and bears an inscription signifying that it was built by order of the corporation of the Trinity-house, for the guidance of mariners, and as a mark of British hospitality to all nations. The danger of the adjacent coast rendered the erection of such edifices very necessary. Scarcely under water there are innumerable masses of rock, (records perhaps of ancient ravages of the sea*) and these extend in a south-west direction
to

* Very large portions of land have sunk into the sea in different parts of the Portland coast within late years. In December, 1734, nearly one hundred

Dorset. to a great distance off the coast, and eastward even as far as St. Adhelm's-head. In the former direction there is a conflux of the tides from the French and English shores. These circumstances together occasion a very perilous surf, generally known by the name of the *Race of Portland*.

I have often thought that light-houses, and other buildings of the same kind, which from their very design must be durable, might be used for ascertaining the changes produced on the coast in a certain series of years, and therefore made of eminent service to geology. Nothing is more easy than to inscribe on some conspicuous part of such an edifice the distance of the shore, or of the high-water mark, at the time of its completion.—This idea I was much pleased to find realized by the new light-house

hundred and fifty yards on the eastern side suddenly gave way, and fell into the sea, occasioning by the shock several large chasms. At no later a period than the year 1750 too, a huge portion of rock was torn from the main land.

in

in Portland, which informs us on the outside how far distant it is from the margin of the land.

Dorset.

The new light-house is full sixty feet in height. At the top are the lights, which are maintained by the new patent lamps, each placed between a lens and one of Bolton's reflectors, so as to throw a concentrated blaze, as it were, to an immense distance.

We now passed over some corn fields, and reached the southernmost point,—a pile of rocks undermined and excavated by the sea, and presenting several singular grotts* and chasms. These rocks are composed of a limestone abounding with shells; in fact, the peninsula is one continued mass of stone with a very thin

* There is one very large and remarkable cavern, called *Keeves's hole*, which was pointed out to us by our guide as one of the wonders of Portland; indeed the inside of it had something uncommonly striking in its appearance when we looked down, and the effect is heightened by a ceaseless, solemn roar of the waves.

layer

Dorset. layer of vegetable mould. The bed whereon it rests seems to be clay which appears, at low water, on several parts of the shore, and also about six feet below the Chefil-bank. On the eastern side of Portland a few trees appear, but the vegetation of shrubs, throughout the peninsula, is so scanty that stone-walls make the usual separation of property.—The *Vicars' house* (as it is called) stands on this side; a few fragments of walls, however, are the only remains of that ancient mansion. Not far from it stood the old church. The old castle is situated on a fine, commanding spot. It is supposed to have been built by William Rufus, and is generally known by the name of *Bow and Arrow Castle*. The walls are of a pentagonal form, and perforated with a great number of loop-holes.—Robert, Earl of Gloucester, took possession of it for the Empress Matilda, in the year 1142, and this is the only historical anecdote respecting it that I can find.

The rocks here exhibit a truly bold and
awful

awful appearance, the precipice being tremendously steep. The sea foaming and dashing at the bottom adds much to the effect of the scene, at which the traveller will naturally pause, though he must contemplate it with terror.

Dorset.

Euphorbia Portlandica, in great profusion, and *Lavatera arborea* (tree-mallow) will attract the notice of the botanist about the neighbouring eminences. *Lichen Roccella* (orchell) has been observed growing here by Lord Lewisham.

The best stone is obtained from the quarries of this part of Portland. They are called, I believe, KINGSTON-QUARRIES, from the name of the village close by, where is a pier for vessels, and where six thousand tons of stone (on an average) dug in this part of the peninsula only, are said to be shipped every year.

Kingston-
quarries.

We had now seen every thing worthy of notice in Portland, and, after a few hours' rest
and

Dorset. and some refreshment at Chefilton, proceeded along the bank to Abbotsbury.

But before I advance farther in the journal of our operations, it may not be amiss to give the Reader some idea of the extent of Portland, and as much of the history and manners of the inhabitants of this insulated tract as I have been able to collect.—Its breadth seems to be nowhere more than two miles, and its length (from Chefilton to the *Bill*) about four. It is reckoned about eight or nine miles in circuit, and contains nearly two thousand inhabitants. In the reign of Edward I. the peninsula was purchased by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, but it is now become the property of the crown.

The natives are a stout, muscular race of people, and fit for the hard labour which the quarries require. It generally happens, that a capacity, or ability, for the labour which a particular situation furnishes becomes in a succession of generations congenial with the constitution

tion of the people by whom that labour is inherited. We talk of a breed of race-horses; why should we suppose any absurdity in a *breed* of quarry-men? I was amazed to see with what facility these people lifted, and divided masses of stone large enough to deter ordinary men from *attempting* it. Smeaton (in his *History of the Edystone Light-house**) mentions a very singular circumstance that came to his knowledge during his observations in Portland. The Portlanders, it seems, have for ages inter-married only with the natives of their own district, but, what is still more remarkable, a man never marries until his intended bride shews signs of pregnancy, and it scarcely ever happens that he proves unfaithful to her, or unwilling to marry, because in that case he would be disgraced, and never more acknowledged by his countrymen.

Dorset.

There is another curious circumstance in the

* Book 1, chap. 3, p. 65.

Dorset. history of these people. The ancient tenure of *gavelkind* still obtains among them, the lands of the father being, at his death, equally divided among his sons, or, if he has no issue, among his brothers, or next of kindred.—But now to return.—

Chefil-bank. The CHESIL-BANK is one of the most extraordinary ridges, or shelves, of pebbles in Europe, and perhaps the longest, except that of Memel, in Polish Prussia. I have mentioned before that its length is supposed to be about seventeen miles. Its breadth is in some places nearly a quarter of a mile. The pebbles are so loose that horses' legs sink almost knee deep at every step, but a traveller of any curiosity should by no means neglect to examine the productions of this pebbly desert. With regard to the pebbles themselves, they in general consist of white calcareous spar,* but there are

* These are generally known by the name of *Portland-pebbles*.

Dorset.

many of quartz, jasper, chert, and a variety of other substances. It is worthy of remark that they gradually diminish in size the nearer they approach the main land, being for the most part very little larger than horse-beans towards Abbotbury, though at the other end of the bank they are from one inch to three inches in diameter. We found the edge to the right by far the firmest, and easiest for our horses, especially as the pebbles were somewhat bound together by the marine plants growing in patches along the water side. Among these we observed *Sal-sola fruticosa*, and *Inula crithmifolia*, the showy yellow blossoms of which seemed to form a long line of golden fringe. The beautiful *Pisum maritimum* (sea-pea) grows in solitude among the loosest pebbles, on the highest part of the bank.—We had no reason to complain of a want of amusement,—the red gleam of a setting sun on the distant hills; the gay notes of busy hay-makers on the opposite side of the river; the various cries of timorous water fowl; the murmur of the billows against the bank—was

Dorset, sufficient to attract our attention, and these together formed an assemblage of circumstances very impressive to musing minds. Even a solitary shed, and a few lobster-traps were, in such a desert, interesting objects, and afforded something like that species of pleasure which the philosopher Aristrippus must have felt, when he cried out "*Hominum vestigia video.*"—At length occurrences more important engaged our notice. Amidst the great variety of water fowl that found undisturbed haunts on the eastern side of the bank, we saw the swan in its wild state (*Anas Cygnus ferus*, of Linnæus) and were enabled to assert with confidence (what has been much doubted) that it is an inhabitant of Dorsetshire.—Within two miles of Abbotsbury, we saw multitudes of the tame swan (*Cygnus domesticus*)

“ Proudly rowing their state,”

(to use the words of Milton) and were confirmed in our preceding decision by an opportunity of comparing.—There cannot be a more elegant

elegant figure in all nature than a swan in the act of swimming, though so ungraceful a bird when out of the water;—no constrained, stiff motions—no awkward position of the limbs, but every attitude easy, and every transition beautiful.



Dorset.

ABBOTSBURY is about a mile from the shore, *Abbotsbury.* and surrounded by bold hills, which assume various distorted forms. Towards Winterborn-Abbas they seem to consist principally of chalk, with crags of conglutinated flint-stones rising above their surface; but nearer to the coast reddish sandstone, clay, and loose rubble appear. The sandstone is found very serviceable in building, and has compactness enough to withstand for many years the injuries of the weather.—The low grounds about the shore afford good pasturage for cattle.

On a quick eminence half a mile south-west from the village stands a little Gothic chantry

Dorset. called *St. Catharine's Chapel*, which, Hutchins conjectures, was built about the time of Edward IV. The stile of architecture is very singular, each side of the building being strengthened with buttresses that rise above the parapet surrounding the roof, and terminate in square tops. At the north-west angle there is a tower, the steps leading to the upper part of which are now gone, though the rest of the building has suffered but little damage. The roof is lofty, and beautifully arched in the inside, where a few ornaments and mouldings still remain, and, on the outside, the lower part of the parapet is pierced with arched apertures to drain off water. There is a porch on each side supported at the angles by low buttresses.

Abbotsbury itself is a very small market town, and no longer derives any consequence from its abbey, which, though once so splendid and extensive, is so far decayed and demolished that one can scarcely trace out the arrangements of its several parts. The offices are most entire,
and

and seem to be still applied to their original uses, such as a dairy-house, barn, &c. The latter was built on a singular and superb plan, being surrounded by a parapet communicating with turrets at the angles. To one end of the barn adjoins another building, which is in a less perfect state, and beautifully patched with ivy. A few paces south-west from the church the gateway of the abbey may be seen, and the precincts of the latter are pointed out by a low wall which includes within a spacious area several fragments and part of a porch that probably belonged to the old conventual church. Indeed relics may be traced to a considerable distance southward of the present parish church, which itself is not of a very modern date. The abbey was founded (Dugdale says) by Orcus and his wife Tola in the year 1026, for Benedictines.* Others assert that Orcus turned out the secular canons, who had been established there, and placed re-

Dorset.

* See Steevens's edit. (fol. 1722) p. 37.

Dorset, gular ones. Edward the Confessor bestowed on this society all wrecks found on the shore of Abbotbury. After the dissolution, some part of the abbey became the residence of the Strangeways family, but was destroyed during the civil wars.

About a mile west from Abbotbury, stands a
Strangeways feat of the Earl of Ilchester called STRANGE-
Castle. WAYS CASTLE. The swannery (which once consisted of as many as seven thousand swans) belongs to the above nobleman.

This situation commands a very magnificent view of the sea, which now forms a vast bay, bounded to the west by the Devonshire coast, and to the east by the pebbly rampart of the Chefil-bank, and Portland. There is a remarkable appearance with respect to the hills east of Weymouth, and on the opposite part of Portland. The elevation of both is so nearly equal, and both present an abrupt aspect so nearly opposite to each other that the flat ground be-
 tween

tween looks as if it had been opened to the sea, and the communication of the ridge on the Weymouth side with the higher ground of the peninsula interrupted, by some sudden convulsion.

Dorset.

At Burton we regretted being prevented by darkness from looking for *Santolina maritima*, (of which Mr. Lightfoot found some specimens growing on these cliffs) though indeed we had no expectation of being more successful than other botanists, who have explored Burton-cliffs in vain. There is great reason to believe that it no longer inhabits this part of the coast.

BRIDPORT is very neatly and regularly built, and though the situation is low, extremely clean. It is one hundred and thirty-five measured miles from London, and the great western road passes through it. The principal manufactures are those of twine, cordage, nets for the Newfoundland fishery, &c. A great quantity of hemp is grown in the neighbourhood, and
parti-

Bridport.

Dorset. particularly towards Bemister, which gave rise to the phrase sometimes applied to a man's being hanged, "*He was stabbed with a Bridport dagger.*" So flourishing were the manufactories about the reign of Henry VIII. that cordage for the whole English navy was ordered to be made, exclusively, here, or within five miles ; but the trade is at this time very considerably reduced.

The quay is full a mile from the town. Very little business is carried on at it, the harbour having been long irretrievably choaked up with sand. The cliffs here are composed of sand, though the surrounding country is covered with limestone, (full of shells) rocks of which, with their broad mantles of samphire and sea-cale, no longer guarded the coast, as in Purbeck and other parts of the county. The height of the cliffs is in some places nearly two hundred feet, and they contain *belemnites*, and other fossils, besides pyrites, gypsum, hepatic ore, &c.

Our

Our next stage was to Lyme-Regis, and we now approached the western boundaries of Dorset. The road is uncommonly hilly, and many extended landscapes open, particularly near Charmouth, where most of the objects may be seen which are so beautifully described by the Rev. Mr. Crowe in his poem of "*Lewesdon-hill*." This hill is in view on the right, and forms one of the bold boundaries to a fine vale chequered with inclosures, along which the eye wanders with wonderful delight.

Dorset.

CHARMOUTH stands in a very romantic situation, commanded by lofty hills at each end;—not far from it the river Char empties itself into the sea. It is a small, but neat village, and enjoys a fine sea air. The cliffs which are chiefly composed of indurated marl, abound with *madreporæ*, *ammonitæ*, *belemnitæ*, and skeletons of fishes and other animals in a fossil state. The *ludus helmontii* is common here, and it is difficult to persuade the vulgar that it is not a *fossil turtle*. All curious productions of this nature
are

Charmouth.

Dorset. are diligently collected by a man living at Charmouth who is generally known throughout the county by the name of the *Curi-man*. We purchased from his collection some fine specimens of chalcedony, which he assured us were found in the cliffs near his garden. Its *matrix* is chert, *strata* of which are observable about Charmouth; and the chalcedony seems to have exuded, as it were, from that substance in the same manner as the calcareous spar to be seen in the fissures of the cliffs from the marl. There is a good deal of pyrites and bituminous matter in the soil, which has often taken fire after heavy rains, and produced an appearance of flames at a distance. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the year 1751.—The shore is bold and rugged quite to Lyme, the projecting parts being daily diminished by the force of the waves, and indeed the numerous springs that gush out of them hasten their continual downfall.

Lyme Regis. LYME is a very pleasant town, situated on the declivities of two hills. That part of it which
is

Dorset.

is nearest to the sea is so low, that at spring tides the lower rooms and cellars of the houses are often overflowed to the depth of several feet; the other part is so steep as to be difficult of access. The church is a venerable Gothic structure, and the custom-house large and supported by pillars, for the convenience of the corn market underneath. There is a very fine pier, called the *Cobb*, for the accommodation of ships. This work is much admired for its durability and use. It was begun as early as the reign of Edward III. but has been frequently damaged by tempestuous seas, against which it is the only shelter for vessels between Start-point and Portland. The length (from the land to the end) is six hundred and eighty feet, the breadth (at the foundation) twelve feet, and the height (from the foundation to the walk) sixteen feet. On the brink of the sea stand the public rooms, to which there is a great resort of company in the bathing season. The windows command a very wide and beautiful sea view, and there is near them a pleasant terrace considerably elevated
above

Dorset. above the level of the water, and secured by a strong parapet, with an alcove at one end.

We could not help meditating on the conduct of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who landed on this very spot, and published his declaration against the king. However sinister the Duke's views might have been, it is not improbable, had his plan of operations been better concerted, that he would have effected the same revolution as was reserved for the address and influence of the Prince of Orange. James II. was already become unpopular,—indeed he had not ascended the throne without great suspicion on the side of the Protestants ;—the whig party was become formidable both from its extent and credit ; and the Duke of Monmouth himself was much beloved among many orders of people. His precipitation was his ruin. Though he was not without great expectations from the commons, it was certainly highly impolitic to neglect courting the interest of the opposition lords. His death, however, was of service to the cause
of

of freedom, for by the unconstitutional and cruel proceedings which James's tyrannical disposition prompted him to adopt, in punishing the Duke's adherents, Englishmen saw more clearly than ever how little love, or obedience was due to such a monarch.

*Dorset.**DEVON-*

DEVONSHIRE.



SIDMOUTH being our next place of destination, on this day's journey we entered Devonshire. Not only another county, but a new scene, opened to us as we approached that town. Unlike the wide downs and frequent wastes, silent with desolation, in the county we had just left, every part of the landscape now in view seemed, from the plenitude of its population, the extent of its cultivation and inclosures, and the luxuriance of its vegetation, almost itself alive.—

——“ The roving fight
“ Pursued its pleasing course o'er neighbouring hills
“ Of many a different form, and different hue,
“ Bright with ripe corn, or green with grass, or dark
“ With clover's purple bloom.”

SCOT'S *Amwell*.

The

The mind dwelt with peculiar delight on the broad space in which the hands of man had been so industriously employed, and in which nature promised to remunerate him with plenty.—We had now lost all vestiges of chalk, and from the fertility before us easily conceived how rich a change the soil had undergone. The former seemed to terminate about ten miles beyond Lyme, and is succeeded by a red sand.

Devon.

We quitted the high road about three miles from Sidmouth, and descended into the town from one of the lofty ridges that command it on each side and bound a most charming vale.

SIDMOUTH is situated close to the sea, which is reddened by reflecting the colour of the cliffs. These are composed of sand, tinged by the red oxyde of iron, and partly calcareous. Sand and pebbles have choaked up the port, so that pleasure-boats and fishing-smacks are the only vessels that can touch at the shore. At the

Sidmouth.

Devon. time of a clear summer sky, Sidmouth is intensely hot; its low situation, a broad bed of pebbles, and the glare of the lofty red cliffs act like so many reverberators. It is much frequented, however, in the bathing season, and many families continue their residence even during the winter. The situation is certainly a very delightful one.—In our botanical excursions about Sidmouth, we found *Anchusa sempervirens* growing abundantly. The little *Arenaria rubra (marina)* literally covered the front of the cliffs on the shore, but unaccompanied by any other plant.

Taking leave of the coast for the present, we proceeded towards Exeter, through Ottery St. Mary.—The red oxyde of iron continued to tinge the soil the whole way, and, added to the richness of the surrounding scenery and the romantic winding of the road, exhibited a novel and agreeable effect.—We descended into Ottery under the umbrage of widely-spreading trees, the branches of which screened the town
from

from our view until we arrived close to it, but the venerable towers of the church sometimes peeped through the foliage.

Devon.

OTTERY ST. MARY is a place of some trade, manufactories of flannel, serge, &c. having been lately established here, through the laudable exertions of Sir George Younge, and Sir John Duntze, Barts. The town has certainly much to recommend it to attention, particularly the church, which is a fine ancient fabric. It was dedicated to St. Mary. The manor and hundred were given by Edward the Confessor to the church of St. Mary at Rouen, in Normandy. This prince, it will be recollected, was much attached to Normandy, on account of having been so long resident there;—his mother too was a Norman princess. The chapter of Rouen afterwards sold the whole to John Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, who established a quarter college for a prior and secular priests, and built the present church, after the plan of St. Peter's at Exeter. This took place in the

Ottery St.
Mary.

Devon.

reign of Edward III.* The north porch of the church was built in the reign of Elizabeth, but the body of it and two fine square towers are part of the original structure. Narrow windows, more like loop-holes than any thing else, seem to have been in fashion when this church was built, though in the west front there is a noble circular one, ornamented with a good deal of tracery work. Several monuments were pointed out to us, belonging to very distinguished personages interred here.—We did not view without interest an old mouldering turret, the only remains of an house once inhabited by the great Sir Walter Raleigh.—There is another building deserving of notice just without the church-yard, where the old convention-room of Oliver Cromwell is shewn to the traveller.

The road to Exeter is a broad, flat, dusty turnpike, augmenting the glare of the sun's rays

* See Polwhele's Hist. of Devonshire.

by the redness of its surface.—Clay now begins to preponderate in the soil, but a considerable portion of sand still remains mixed with it, so as to constitute a very rich loam, which seems to originate from the decomposition of a compact dark-coloured stone that lies very little below it.—A new tribe of plants appeared; *Cotyledon Umbilicus*, *Hieracium subaudum*, *H. umbellatum*, and *Polypodium Filix mas* were in profusion by the road sides.

Devon.

We gazed in vain for a view of the capital of Devonshire until we arrived in the very suburbs, though the approach to it is in every direction on an ascent. The streets are extremely incommodious to those who pass them either on foot or on horseback, being very rough and filthy, and but partially paved.

The first object that arrested our attention in the city of EXETER was the Cathedral church—a magnificent Gothic edifice, with two conspicuous Saxon towers. Our lady's chapel, as

Exeter.

Devon. it is called, constituted the whole of the original fabric, the foundation of which is generally attributed to Athelstan. It is supposed that Bishop Chichester (who was installed in 1128) finished the choir, but Warlewast laid the foundation of it in the year 1112. This latter prelate, therefore, has generally been esteemed the founder of the church, which was not entirely covered in until 1369. It is probable that the west front was not finished long before this period, for the stile of it is more elaborate than usually occurs in the Gothic of the fourteenth century. There are a multitude of images, representing the Saxon and English kings, &c. The chapter-house was completed in the year 1439.—The whole building is in length three hundred and nine feet, and in breadth seventy-four.

Leofric, Bishop of Crediton, first sat in the episcopal throne of Exeter, to which place the see was transferred by Edward the Confessor. This prince attended the installation in person,
with

with his queen, and enthroned Leofric in a very remarkable and solemn manner, delivering the following charge, viz. “ *I Kynge Edward, taking Leofricke by the righte haunde, and Edithe my queene by the left, doe installe hym the fyrst and most famous Byschoppe of Exon, wythe a greate desyre of aboundance of bleessynges to all such as shall furder and encrease the same, but with a fearful and execrable curse on all such as shall diminish or take any thyng from it.*” These words are quoted from an old writer. The three seats on which the King, Queen, and Bishop are reported to have sat during the ceremony were pointed out to us by our conductor on the south side of the altar; they are supported by brass pillars, and adorned with a profusion of carving. The altar-piece represents the inside of the church in perspective, and was executed in the reign of James I. There is a very large organ, the greatest pipe of which is fifteen inches in diameter.

Devon.

In an ancient building (which appears to have

Devon. been originally a refectory for the college of prebendaries) now used as a school-room, near the church, we found an admirable portrait painted by an artist of Bristol, of the name of Gandy. It is the head of a Dr. Langdon, who died in the year 1712, according to the inscription on his tomb in the Cathedral, of which he was a Prebendary. One of the officers of the church informed us that Sir Joshua Reynolds used to contemplate this picture with new admiration as often as he came to Exeter. The ingenuofness of Sir Joshua's mind seems to have been in no way diminished by any consciousness of his own abilities, for he is said to have often declared that "*had he painted that portrait, he should be more proud of it than of any of his performances.*"

We had not an opportunity, though extremely desirous, of seeing the pictures in the Guildhall, some of which are much celebrated, and preserve the portraits of very illustrious personages. Among these are General Monk,
George

George I. and Henrietta, Dutchess of Orleans, daughter of the unfortunate Charles I. whose queen was delivered of her at Exeter.

Devon.

Near the east-gate, in the highest part of the city, stand the remains of Rougemont Castle,* formerly the seat of the West-Saxon kings, and afterwards of the Dukes of Exeter. According to the Itinerary of William de Worcester, it was built by Lord Rothemond.—Here John Penruddocke and Hugh Grove, two zealous Wiltshire royalists, who had attempted to restore Charles II. during the protectorate of Cromwell, were by his order beheaded.† The Castle has nothing now to recommend it but its antiquity, and the situation, which commands a delightful view of the surrounding country, and near it is a very pleasant terrace, much frequented by the *beau-monde* of Exeter. The

* So called probably from the redness of the soil on which it stands.

† Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. 6, p. 559.

Devon. city (with the suburbs) is about three miles in circumference, and contains sixteen churches within the walls and four without. Thirteen of these are said to have been exposed to sale by Oliver Cromwell, by the mouth of the common cryer. It had formerly more convents than almost any place in the kingdom.—There is a good quay, and the river is navigable for vessels of one hundred and fifty tons burthen, though it was some time choaked up by order of Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and with so much ingenuity, that all attempts to recover the conveniences bestowed by nature were ineffectual until the year 1697. The Earl is said to have been offended with the citizens, but as Topsham, a town about four miles down the river, flourished so much in consequence of his measures, it is not improbable that the chief object of such pains was the advantage of that place.

There was anciently a mint at Exeter, and indeed money was coined here as late as the reign

reign of William III. some of whose coins I have seen distinguished by an E. under the bust.

Devon.

The old walls remain in many places, and seem to have been originally exceedingly strong. An octagonal turret on the east side of the city, and the south gate (one arch of which Dr. Stukely conjectures to be Roman work) continue very perfect. As Exeter is a place of great trade, particularly in articles of the woollen manufactory, we were not surprised to see shops and warehouses extending from one end of a street to the other. On the banks of the river there is a very large cotton manufactory, which employs three hundred men at a time. The exportation of serge, kerseys, &c. from this city has produced immense profits, the average value of it having been almost six hundred thousand pounds per annum. The markets are Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy.

Exeter was the birth-place of Sir Thomas Bodley.
Sir Thomas Bodley.

Devon. Bodley. This great patron of Oxford and the Muses, was born in 1544, and received a considerable part of his education at Geneva, to which place his family had emigrated to avoid the persecution of Mary. After this queen's death, he came and studied at Magdalen College, in Oxford, and seems to have been strongly attached to a literary life, though he was prevented from dedicating himself entirely to it by his various engagements at court. He was employed by Elizabeth to request the assistance of the Protestant princes in relieving the French party of that persuasion, who were commanded by Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. At length, however, he retired from the world, and formed an immense collection of books, which he presented to the University of Oxford, forming the foundation of the wonderful library that still retains the name of the *Bodleian*. Sir Thomas died January 28, 1612, and was buried in the choir of Merton College.*

* See *Biographia Britannica*.

Having satisfied our curiosity in the city of *Devon*, Exeter, we visited the stone-quarries of Thor-
verton, and the manganese mine of Upton-
Pyne. In this excursion, as well as during our
stay at Exeter, we received great assistance and
information from Mr. Sheldon, (of that city)
Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy,
—an office for which uncommon professional
skill, no less than the most general knowledge,
justly qualifies him.

The village of UPTON-PYNE is about three Upton-Pyne.
miles and an half north from Exeter. In the
lanes leading to it we observed an unfrequent
variety of *Hieracium umbellatum*, described by
Haller as “*H. foliis pene ovatis, vix dentatis,*
caule humili, pene unifloro.”

The manganese mine is not far from the vil-
lage, the soil surrounding which is a deep red vis-

* *Stirp. Indig. Helvet.* p. 15.

Devon. cid clay, and in this the ore is dug. The deepest part of the mine * seemed to be about twenty feet. There is no occasion for a shaft,† as the ore diminishes so much in richness in proportion to its depth, that it is worked only in an horizontal direction. We observed that the ore was in nodules of various dimensions, and generally crystallized in the inside. It is very productive,—at least what is dug at the upper part of the pit, and was used in the glass-houses formerly established at Exeter, but it is now sent chiefly to London. The manufactory at Bristol underfold that of Exeter.—Judging by the colour of manganese, and the martial earth with which its surface is often covered, several mineralogists have supposed it to be a meagre ore of iron, but from the experiments of Bergman, Gahn, and others, and from its appearing to

* It is improperly called a *mine*, for, the top being open, it is merely a pit.

† By a *shaft* is meant a chimney-like perforation leading to the bottom of a mine; it is seldom much larger than to admit a person.

possess properties common to no other metallic substance, it should certainly be considered as a peculiar semi-metal. It is remarkable, however, that many, even of the first chemists, have never succeeded in the reduction of it. The black oxyde, (generally called *black magnesia*) is used in glass-houses to take away the yellow, green, or blue tinge from glass intended to be of a clear white. Too large a proportion of it gives a violet colour.

Devon.

THORVERTON-QUARRIES are at nearly the same distance from Upton-Pyne, as the latter place is from Exeter.

Thorverton
Quarries.

Teucrium scorodonia (wood-sage) grows in wonderful profusion hereabout.—We were informed that the fruit of it is pretty generally used by the poor in the neighbourhood as a substitute for hops. It possesses the bitterness, and a good deal of the flavour of the latter.

The extraordinary substance called *Thorver-*
ton-stone

Devon. *ton-stone* is dug, to the depth of forty feet, in a woody and rather a romantic spot, close to the village of that name. It seems to be more compact in proportion to its depth, but one part of the *stratum* exhibits a cellular appearance like toad-stone. The granules are very discernible even in the most close-textured specimen, and are partly calcareous, partly argillaceous, and partly steatitical. Some parts of the quarry look, at first sight, like reddish porphyry, containing small lumps of calcareous spar. Other parts are of a blackish colour, and almost entirely argillaceous. Narrow veins of white calcareous earth appear in other specimens, and others again have quite a lava-like texture, and a brownish, powdery surface, occasioned probably by the decomposition of the *steatites*. Upon the whole, the Thorverton-stone is one of the most curious substances, with respect to its composition, I have ever seen.—The *Vulcanist* perhaps will pronounce it the effect of fusion, but the cautious mineralogist will set it down among amygdaloidal earths, without

without venturing to speculate upon its origin. *Devon.*
—The top of the quarries is covered with a thin layer of vegetable mould, from which however springs very luxuriant herbage.

We observed that most of the cottages in the neighbourhood are built with the stone, which (at least the closer species of it) seems to stand the weather very well.

There is a substance somewhat resembling the Thorverton-stone which is dug in Heavitree parish, nearer to Exeter, and this also is used for building and a variety of other purposes, but it approaches nearer to the nature of a *breccia*, and is more coarse and loose-textured.

The principal object of our present journey being a survey of the southern coast, we were induced by the beautiful aspect of the country to lose as little space as possible between the Ex and the Teign, and accordingly, in our way

Devon. to Teignmouth, passed along the banks of the former from Powderham Castle to Star-cross.

Powderham
Castle.

The road to POWDERHAM CASTLE presented us with several pleasing views of the environs of Exeter; and the broad stream of the Ex, with the numerous villages on its banks, formed a most charming addition to the landscape on our left. We were led to expect a noble situation for the castle, but how great was our disappointment to find it almost in a flat, very much exposed on the side towards the Channel, and with a broad marsh in front. It faces the river, but little pains have been taken to open the view to it with advantage, or to heighten the effect of those magnificent materials which nature has furnished.—The original building was erected by Isabella, daughter of Baldwin *de Ripariis*, and widow of William *de Fortibus*, in the reign of Henry III. Some part of the present castle is ancient, and gives an air of grandeur to the whole, which however is by no means a striking pile of building
at

at any distance. It has long been the seat of the Courtenays, who are descended from the old Earls of Devonshire, and are one of the noblest families in the kingdom. The present possessor is William, Viscount Courtenay.

Devon.

Though the Ex is very broad at its influx into the sea, we saw EXMOUTH very distinctly across it, and perceived a similarity of soil on each side of the river. This town stands very pleasantly, but is protected by nothing except a barred haven. It had formerly a small castle.

Exmouth.

The lands about Star-cross were two years ago covered with furze, and in a state perfectly wild, but are now cultivated; they produce surprisingly well, though so much exposed to the sea. We here saw *women* employed at the plough, which they guided with as much dexterity as the most robust men, and we were informed that the practice is not uncommon in Devonshire, though I question whether the

Devon. failure of the loom would afford many new hands to the farmer in other parts of the kingdom.

We came now again to the coast, and passed over several bold cliffs, which rise quick from the shore, towards Teignmouth.—In a pleasant valley, and close to a little creek, stands DAWLISH—a neat, new village not frequented by summer visitors until within the last two or three years.—Hereabout *Rubia sylvestris* (madder) appeared very frequent in the hedge-rows.

Teignmouth. TEIGNMOUTH is situated (as its name indeed implies) at the mouth of the river Teign, which takes its rise on the mountains about Chegford, and spreads a noble sheet of water as it approaches the sea, though there is a large shoal of sand on the eastern side of the haven.—On this latter spot, which is covered by the sea at spring-tides, the view up the river is extremely beautiful, the ground gradually rising on each side into verdant hills, ornamented with wood,
and

Devon.

and cheerful with cultivation.—Here too we picked up some rare species of shells, such as *Mastra lutraria*, *Nerita glaucina*, and others. The cliffs overhanging the sea have a singular, and, I think, very picturesque appearance, resembling much some of Sir William Hamilton's views of *lava* hills about Naples. They are of a deep red colour, (with the exception of a few broad patches of verdure,) and mount in rude irregular shapes, to the height of seventy or eighty feet.—We had now an opportunity of observing the soil of this part of the country to some depth, and discovered that it lost its soft, loamy nature a few feet below the surface, passing into loose stones which are partly in indeterminate forms, and partly rounded into pebbles, but most of them of an amygdaloidal composition very nearly allied to the Thorverton-stone.—As we walked along the beach, I could not help fancying that I saw nature in the very act of forming the latter, and bringing together materials for constituting future quarries. In one place I observed minute pebbles

Devon. deposited by the sea on a portion of soft sand, mixed with slime and clay; in another I could perceive these substances becoming compact after being forsaken by the tide, and growing by the apposition of new particles into a hard mass of stone. *Here* were *strata* of amygdaloidal matter awaiting only some grand convulsion to be far removed from the sea, and to render the agents which were employed in the formation of them mysterious. And *there* were masses of *breccia* of which almost every wave imperceptibly increased the dimensions.

In contemplating the coasts, a curious and interesting question arises, which can be decided only by a long and general series of geological observations. What is the direction that prevails *on the whole* with respect to the particles of matter kept in motion by the sea?—Is it towards the land or towards the bosom of the ocean? Of all the agents by which the sea is put into agitation, the tides seem to be most uniformly powerful in their effects, and hence their exact
direction

Devon.

direction must in every instance be ascertained before we can determine the probability of a particular spot extending forwards, or decreasing. Another circumstance to be considered is the degree of declivity of the shore, or strand, itself.—Supposing the latter to be a mere shelf, or gentle ascent, and the motion of the tides to be in a line nearly parallel to it, one may conclude that there must be a constant *apposition* of loose bodies, for the waves in their retreat cannot have so much power to propel any thing, as in their approach, having in the one case only their own pressure, whereas in the other, they are urged on, as it were, by an immense weight of water in their rear.

Teignmouth was once a much larger place, and has suffered a good deal by invasions. The Danes were its earliest ravagers. It was almost entirely destroyed also in Queen Anne's war with the French, who landed and set fire to it in the year 1690.—Though this town was so inconsiderable a place, when compared with

Devon. others on the coast, the French historians have actually made the destruction of it appear an event of importance.*

We proceeded from Teignmouth over a varied country to Chudleigh, and remarked as we advanced that limestone now began to prevail. The hills in the horizon exhibited bolder forms than any we had lately seen. The ridge called *Haldown* shut from our view the scenery about the Ex, and made but a dreary feature in the landscape, though from certain points its effect was not unpleasing. We should have followed the course of the Teign, had it not made too great a curve to the left.

Chudleigh. CHUDLEIGH is by no means an interesting place, being only a decent market-town, of small extent, yet it is agreeably situated.—The neighbourhood is famous for cyder. An

* See M. de Quincey's *Hist. Mil. de Louis XIV.* 2 p. 330.

orchard

orchard of only three acres, very near Chudleigh, yielded in one year apples enough to make almost eighty hogsheds, at one guinea per hogshed.—The cyder of this part of the country is of a most exquisite quality too.

Devon.

There are some singular rocks (of a bluish limestone called *Chudleigh-marble*) about half a mile west from the town, which from their romantic appearance and situation invite the steps of a traveller. The landscape that meets the eye from the highest part is uncommonly beautiful, and here and there the branches of a picturesque oak form a sort of natural canopy for the contemplative spectator. To the left are the fine woods of Ugbrook (the seat of Lord Clifford) the beauties of which are celebrated by Mr. Reeve in his poem of *Ugbrook-Park*. The family of Clifford take the title from Chudleigh, of which Sir Thomas Clifford, Lord High Treasurer in the reign of Charles II. was created Baron by that prince. One part of the rocks is upwards of an hundred feet in height,
and

Devon. and presents its broad front towards a charming vale terminated by the Teign. *Anethum Fœniculum* (wild fennel) growing here in some places higher than our heads, seemed to form almost a forest.—The Chudleigh limestone admits of a very good polish, and some of it is burnt into lime, by the aid of Bovey coal. It lies in *strata* five or six feet in thickness, which dip to the south-east.

Bovey
Coal-pits.

Leaving the Ashburton road to the right, we proceeded through BOVEY-HEATHFIELD, in order to view some curious Coal-pits. They are more than a mile however from the village, and about ten miles from the sea, in the midst of an open heath. We were surprised to find the coal in alternate *strata* with a whitish clay that constitutes the substance of the adjacent soil. The upper *stratum* of coal is but a few feet below the surface of the ground, and the others about the same distance from each other, being from four to sixteen feet in thickness. The lowermost rests on clay, which is followed by a
bed

bed of sand seventeen feet deep; then clay appears again without any coal. These pits have been worked several years, and are of considerable service to a pottery close by, which is one of the largest in the west of England. They are about eighty feet in depth, the *strata* seeming to continue in an eastern direction, towards Bovey, and underlying, or dipping to the south about twenty inches in a fathom. As to the coal, it retains the vegetable structure, and has exactly the appearance of charred wood, being of a black, or blackish brown colour, extremely light and friable, separable into irregular *laminae*, and strongly impregnated with bitumen. By what process of nature such an arrangement of *strata* was occasioned, and the wood (for the Bovey coal evidently has been wood) underwent such a change, I am totally at a loss to form any conjecture. I have found exactly the same substance, at the depth of several feet, in a blackish clay near Shotover-hill, in Oxfordshire,—indeed it may have been found in several other places. The appearance of a single tree, or
even

Devon.

Devon. even of several trees in the same *stratum* is certainly not so perplexing to account for, as of several *strata* divided from each other, and spreading over a great space of ground.—We perceived a large turf bog at a short distance westward from the pits, and here decayed roots of vegetables, and indeed whole trees, are often discovered, but none of these bear the least resemblance to Bovey Coal,

The pits are often filled with water to the height of forty feet, or more, and an engine is put in motion for carrying it off by an overshot wheel twenty-four feet in diameter, which works two levers with rods and buckets. An ochreous sediment is found under the water.

A peculiar wildness of landscape prevails towards Ashburton; the features of the country are bold, but neither wood nor water appears sufficient to enrich or beautify it. There was something highly picturesque in the volumes of vapour which at this time crept up the acclivities

ties of the distant hills, and enveloped objects in a white cloud.—We observed in many places rocks and quarries of the same species of limestone as about Chudleigh, and crags of it peep continually above the foil. *Devon.*

The borough of ASHBURTON stands on the banks of the river Dart, and is one of the four stannary towns of Devonshire. It is a great thoroughfare, being on the high-road from London to the Land's-end, and about half way between Exeter and Plymouth. The church has more the appearance of a collegiate than a parochial one, and has a very handsome tower ninety feet high, with a small spire covered with lead. Adjoining to the church there is a chapel, dedicated to St. Laurence, which, since the reformation, has been used as a grammar-school. Ashburton is altogether a neat, respectable town, and carries on a considerable manufactory of serge. Once a week a market is holden solely for wool and yarn. *Ashburton.*

Pro-

Devon.

Proceeding from Ashburton to Totness, we perceived that the soil was now entirely shistose. Wood and pasture lands meet the eye more frequently than any other, but the scenery in this part of Devon is altogether rich and interesting. Dartington-bridge is fortunately situated for affording a very finished and romantic scene, in which a hill above, exuberantly clothed with beech and oak, forms a noble feature. On the left appear fertile fields, coppices, and orchards, in a wide range, pleasantly interspersed with numerous hamlets and villages.—The road-sides, we observed, were luxuriantly decorated with the elegant *Linum angustifolium*, (narrow-leaved flax) which may be truly denominated a Devonshire plant.

Totness.

TOTNESS is built on the side of a steep hill, down which runs a tolerably good street, about three quarters of a mile in length, and terminated by a bridge over the Dart. It is one of the most ancient towns in the kingdom, and was formerly well fortified, being surrounded with
walls

walls and four gates, and defended by a castle, *Devon.*
which was erected by one of the Zouches, once
Lords of the manor. Only the southern gate
now remains. A few fragments of the castle in-
deed may be seen on a hill north-west of the
town. The church, which is spacious, was de-
dicated to the Virgin Mary, and has a tower at
the west end adorned with four handsome pin-
nacles. There was once a priory of black
monks (Leland says) at the north-east side of
the church.

BERRY-POMEROY CASTLE was too near to *Berry-Pome-
roy Castle.*
us to be omitted in our way to Torquay, and is
not more than a mile from Totnefs. A view of
it was not disclosed to us until we arrived within
a few paces of the spot where it stands, which is a
rocky eminence rising above a brook that emp-
ties itself into the Hemms. The approach is
through a thick wood extending along the slope
of a range of hills that entirely intercept any
prospect to the south; on the opposite side
there is a steep rocky ridge covered with oak, so
that

Devon. that the ruins are shut into a beautiful valley. Placed in so retired and so romantic a situation, on the banks of a bright stream, which

—————“rushing o’er its pebbled bed,
“Imposes silence with a stilly sound”—

the venerable remains of Berry-Pomeroy Castle at first suggest only an idea of some peaceful monastic mansion to the mind of the spectator. When he perceives frowning turrets however, massy walls, and gloomy dungeons, his imagination will be wholly at variance with the beauty and serenity of the spot, and he will think only of sieges, chains, torture, and death. The great gate, (with the walls of the south front) the north wing of the court, or quadrangle, some apartments on the west side, and a turret or two, are the principal remains of the building, and these are so finely overhung with the branches of trees and shrubs that grow close to the walls, so beautifully mantled with ivy, and so richly incrustated with moss, that they constitute the most picturesque objects that can be imagined. And when the surrounding scenery is taken into
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Devon.

the account,—the noble mafs of wood fronting the gate, the bold ridges rifing in the horizon, and the fertile valley opening to the eaft,—the ruins of Berry-Pomeroy Caftle muft be confidered as almoft unparalleled in their effect. The eaftern tower is acceffible by a paffage from the room over the gateway ; here, we found, was the beft point for furveying the environs of the caftle. The interior part appears to be confiderably more modern than the gate and outer walls, the windows being fquare or oblong, with linterns and crofs bars of ftone. It is going rapidly to decay, however, and the walls being compofed of ftate might be entirely demolifhed with little trouble. When perfect, thefe apartments muft have been extremely grand, and were decorated in a fplendid manner, if one might judge from the mouldings, columns, &c. which remain.—The large room over the gateway is divided by a wall fupported by three pillars and circular arches, but it is not eafy to difcover the ufe of it. There was evi-

Devon.

dently a portcullis to the gate, which is turreted and embattled, and over it the arms of the family of Pomeroy are still to be seen. It was from this family that the castle took its name, the manor having been conferred upon them at the time of the conquest. Ralph de la Pomeroy (who is the first that we hear of) was one of the Conqueror's attendants, and assisted him in obtaining the kingdom, for which service (we are informed by Dugdale*) no less than fifty lordships in Devonshire were bestowed on him, and here at Berry-Pomeroy his descendants resided until the reign of Edward VI. when Sir Thomas Pomeroy sold the manor to Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset. It is most probable that the inner buildings were erected by one of the latter family, and before the rebellion, for at that period the castle was dismantled. The manor still belongs to the Seymours, Dukes of Somerset.

* Baronage, vol. 1, p. 498.

The parish church of Berry was built by one of the Pomeroy's, many of whom were interred there. Sir Richard, grandfather of Sir Thomas, had a very handsome monument in it.*

Devon.

The face of the country, after we leave Berry-Pomeroy, is rather insipid, a heath appearing to the right, and very little wood, or irregularity of ground, in front. At Torr-Abbey, however, a delightful view of Torbay opens, with fine broad swells to the north.

TORR-ABBEY originally belonged to a society of Canons *Premonstratenses*, to whom (it appears by Dugdale†) the lands of Torr, the church of St. Saviour that once stood there, fishing in the bay, and other rights were given by William Briwer, or Bruer. The Briwers were a family of great note in the reigns of

* Prince's *Worthies of Devonshire*, p. 491.

† *Monast.* vol. i. p. 186.

Devon. Richard I. and John, and had a feat very near the abbey.

It may not be superfluous to mention that the order of Premonstre, of which few establishments existed in this kingdom, was founded by St. Norbert, and the appellation originated from Bartholomew, Bishop of Laudun, having chosen a place called *Premonstre* for a monastery of these canons.—A curious story is told by the monkish writers respecting the derivation of the name of *Premonstre*. Inglebrand the Great (say they) who was noted for his heroic achievements, one day set out to kill a lion, that had long been the terror of the neighbouring country. It happened that he saw the beast much sooner than he expected, whereupon he cried out “*Saint Jean, tu me l’as de pres premonstré.*”^{*} Others say, it was because the spot was pointed out for a chapel by the Virgin.—

^{*} i. e. “Saint John, thou hast almost foreshewn him to me.”

The first place where the order was established in England was at Newhouse, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1146, during the reign of Stephen. Cockerfand, in Lancashire, Sulby, in Northamptonshire, and Titchfield, in Hampshire also belonged to it.

Devon.

There are still some remains of the old abbey of Torr, now converted into out-houses, &c. close to a modern mansion, the seat of Mr. Carey. The situation is charming, and I must confess I looked for a more striking object than the house as we rode through the fine avenue, shaded by aged elm and oak.

TORQUAY far exceeded our expectation in every respect. Instead of the poor, uncomfortable village that we had imagined, how great was our surprise at seeing a pretty range of neat, new buildings, fitted up for summer visitors, who may certainly here enjoy convenient bathing, retirement, and a most romantic situation. It commands a full view of Torbay,

Torquay.

Devon. and is furrounded by a very bold amphitheatre of hills, from which the eye may command a prospect of astonishing grandeur and variety.

We were amazed at the number of shells scattered along the margin of the bay——

“——qua mollibus undis

“Littoris incurvi bibulam pavit æquor arenam.”

—What an inexhaustible store-house of life is the sea! What a succession of objects its surges and its tides produce! The same wave that sweeps off a whole tribe makes a recompence for its robbery by strewing the shores with a new series!—There cannot be a more beautiful branch of nature's works than the testaceous class, and whenever I walk along a beach covered with these creatures, and consider that they form a link in the chain of the creation, I am at a loss to account for the contempt which the supercilious pedant thinks proper to bestow on the humble conchologist.—The contemplative botanist, indeed, and the entomologist are doomed to equal ridicule from the tribunal of those

Devon.

those who call themselves *learned*, but who, with all the ostentation of criticism, or all the pomp of philosophy, are often unable to increase the general stock of knowledge by a discovery even of so *little* consequence as that of a microscopic moss, or of an insignificant butterfly.—And yet they cannot condescend to think with more respect of those who do!—Indignation glows within me at the squeamishness of those vain, or vacant minds that are unwilling to bestow on a natural object the attention which a rational man would bestow on a common piece of mechanism.—Liberality, the greatest ornament, and perhaps the only criterion, of a man of REAL learning, must condemn the principle of measuring by the standard of one's own acquisitions, and, considering all the sciences as advantages, or embellishments, or at least as praiseworthy resources to human life, approves of the cultivation and encouragement of any.

A singular cavern, called KENT'S-HOLE, is Kent's-hole. considered as the greatest curiosity in this part

Devon. of the county. It is about a mile distant from Torquay. Two women, whose usual business it is, conducted us to the spot, provided with candles, tinder-boxes, and other necessaries for the expedition.—After pursuing rather an intricate track, we arrived at the mouth of the cavern, and soon saw there was some occasion for the assistance of guides, who presented each of us with a candle stuck in a piece of flitted stick. The aperture was just large enough to admit us. As we advanced, our guides fixed candles on the sides of the cavern, in order to give us as much light as possible, and to provide against the consequences of an extinction of those we held in our hands. The chill we received after having entered is inconceivable, and our clothes were moistened, (as it happens in the Peak) by the continual dropping of water from the roof. The lights, when viewed at a distance, gleaming through the gloomy vaults, and reflected by the pendant crystals, had a most singular effect. We began to fancy ourselves in the abode of some magician, or (as our companions

panions were two ancient females, and not the most comely of their years) in the clutches of some mischievous old witches, the representation of whose habitations in Shakespere's *Macbeth* we could for once persuade ourselves had its foundation in nature.—Kent's-hole is in no part more than twenty feet high, but the bottom of it is very irregular, being sometimes on an ascent, and sometimes on a descent, and the moisture of the stone on which we trod rendered *both* not a little difficult and dangerous.—The roof is in some places so low that we were obliged to advance on our knees.—At length we reached the extremity of the cavern, which is full two hundred yards long, and, though it sometimes winds, seems to run for the most part in a southern direction. As no great elevation of ground appears on the outside, the declivity of it must be considerable.

Devon.

The rocks about Torquay consist of limestone, which seems to form the shell, as it were, of the greater part of the country south of
Chud-

Devon. Chudleigh, Ashburton, and Totness. Occasionally in this tract red loam, slate, or clay will appear, but these substances form in general a kind of coating to the former, and are deep only in the valleys and lower grounds.

The limestone of Torquay is of a hardish texture, and somewhat resembles that of the Bristol rocks in colour and fracture, but about Chudleigh and Ashburton, (as I have mentioned before) it is of a light blue, with veins of white, and takes so good a polish as to obtain the denomination of marble,

Torbay. TORBAY appeared in all its grandeur as we passed the more elevated part of its borders, in our way to Dartmouth. Here were the first myrtle hedges that I had seen; they were covered with a most delicious bloom, and surrounded many of the gardens by the road side. We could scarcely persuade ourselves that we were not on the south side of the British Channel.—The bay appears to be about twelve miles
in

in compass, and is reckoned one of the finest *Devon.* roads for ships our coast can boast of. It was the general station for the English fleet during the whole time of William III.'s war with France, and here it was that this monarch arrived, when Prince of Orange only, on the memorable fifth of November, 1688.

The country at some distance from DART- Dartmouth. MOUTH has a very bold aspect, and the road curves round the feet of some lofty hills, which appearing in succession, and continually forming new lines and boundaries of sight, strike an admirer of picturesque effect extremely. We were in some measure prepared for the enchanting scene which our passage across the Dart opened to us. This river is almost half a mile wide between Kingswere (where we entered the ferry-boat) and Dartmouth.—On our left appeared the castle, which stands at the mouth of the river, surrounded by a rich mass of oak, and the steeple of an adjoining church just peeps above the branches. Opposite to us was the
the

Devon. the town, situated on the declivity of a craggy hill, and extending, embosomed in trees, almost a mile along the water's edge.—The quay and dock-yards project into the river, and cause an apparent curvature in its course which had an effect inexpressibly finished and beautiful. Some ships of war, and several small vessels, floating in different parts of it, broke its uniformity.—The rocks on each side are composed of a glossy purple slate, and their summits fringed with a number of ornamental plants and shrubs.—Enraptured with so lovely a scene, we arrived insensibly at the quay of Dartmouth,

This town is very singularly built, the streets being one so much higher than another that it is almost possible to shake hands from without with a person at the window of an attic story. The quay is large and convenient, and the trade of Dartmouth (by no means inconsiderable *now*) was *once* as extensive as that of any place in the county, Exeter excepted.

The

The walls of the old castle stand at the south end of the town, but do not give one an idea of its having been either strong or handsome. It was of a circular form.—*Valeriana rubra* (red valerian) grows in the crevices of the stone; this plant indeed is not uncommon in such situations along the western coast. *Devon.*

The present castle is full half a mile distant from the town, and, if not a warlike, is certainly a very picturesque building, but by no means spacious. Adjoining to it there is a chapel, the stone tower and spire of which were built by the townsmen not many years ago. It belongs to Stoke-Fleming Church, two miles off, and was erected in Edward III.'s time.

Dartmouth has frequently been attacked by the French, who struck no small terror into the inhabitants in the reign of Richard I. and Henry IV. They met with a rough reception, however, in the year 1404, and from a very unexpected quarter. M. de Castel, their leader,
(Camden

Devon. (Camden says) “ was so set upon by the peasants and *women*, that he was cut off with his whole party.” This is a memorable proof of the personal courage of our fair countrywomen.

We felt the greatest reluctance to leave Dartmouth. The town itself indeed, and our accommodations were enough to drive us away at once, but the scenery about it delighted us more than any thing we had seen in the course of our tour. Whether we were seated in the bow-window of our inn, which commanded an unobstructed view of the opposite banks of the Dart, or whether we rambled along the paths that divided in various directions about the rocks, there was a combination of features on which the eye gazed with inconceivable pleasure. —The scenery of Dartmouth certainly presents a most exquisite treat to a landscape painter. The view towards the mouth of the harbour, in particular exhibits such a happy assemblage of objects for a picture that it is perhaps scarcely to be exceeded. A rocky knoll projecting from
the



S. H. 1877

Theodor L. Rohrer, del.

the shore makes an admirable foreground. *Devon.*
One of the side-screens is formed by the picturesque castle with the adjoining church, just emerging from a fine wood which enriches the right-hand side ;—the other a high promontory, with a small fort at its feet ;—whilst the main sea appears in front through a narrow opening, and leaves nothing for the imagination to wish for in the composition.

A loose, bluish slate prevails almost the whole way to Ivy-bridge. This tract of country forms a part of what is generally known by the name of the *South-Hams*, and is much celebrated for its *South-Hams.* richness and fertility. The eye, however, is offended, and the prospect obstructed too, by the fences, which are composed of high embankments topped with coppice wood. Square fields and strait hedge-rows, how profitable soever in an agricultural point of view, are really nuisances when considered as constituting a part of the scenery of a country.—The soil is a fine deep loam. Lime-stone rocks occasionally rear
their

Devon. their heads, and perhaps a regular chain may be traced quite from Torquay to Plymouth.

At Ivy-bridge we re-entered the road to Plymouth, and had no reason to regret having forsaken it, except that we had not the opportunity of seeing Buckfastleigh-Priory, situated a few miles south-west from Ashburton, on the borders of Dartmoor.

Ivy-bridge. IVY-BRIDGE is a small groupe of houses delightfully situated on the banks of the river Arme, which rushes with a loud roar over a bed of rocks ;—after a rainy season it forms quite a torrent, and brings down from the hills fragments of granite.* Large blocks of this substance indeed lie by the road-side, but no regular *stratum* of it is discoverable, nor of the bluish

* The granite of Ivy-bridge is of a dead whitish colour, and composed of a very large proportion of fel spar (which appears for the most part in long narrow crystals) pellucid quartz, some schoerl, and a few scarcely discernible specks of mica.

rock* that lies scattered in detached masses like the granite, though both might probably be traced up to the mountains of Dartmoor. It is there that the Arme takes its rise. The rocks which constitute its bed seem to have been torn and hurled, as it were, from their original situations by some paroxysm of nature.—Close to the bridge stands one of the most comfortable and elegant inns in the west of England, and in the gardens belonging to it (which run along one side of the river) the bridge, the high grounds beyond it, the rocks, and the foaming current assume the most picturesque relations.

Devon.

The Plymouth road now led us considerably to the left, and we passed through PLYMPTON-ST. MARY.—Here was formerly a college for a dean and four prebendaries, founded by one of the Saxon princes. A priory of regular canons

Plympton-St. Mary.

* Mr. Hatchett conceives this rock to be the *dieter feldt-spat*, of Werner.

Devon. was afterwards established, in the room of the former, who were displaced by Warlewast, Bishop of Exeter. The rigid prelate peremptorily inflicted this punishment upon them for not dismissing their wives, in obedience to the decrees of the synod of London, in 1102. The absurdity and ill consequences of these decrees seem to have been evident to the very assembly that passed them, by the punishment which it thought proper to subjoin against vices not heard of in England before.

Plympton-Earls is distant, but visible, from the high road. It was the birth-place of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose father kept a grammar-school there.* The castle, which was anciently the seat of the family *de Ripariis*, is a conspicuous object at some distance.

Crossing the Plym, we were much struck by a

* See Testimonies to the Genius and Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

view of SALTRAM, the seat of Lord Boringdon. The grounds extend along the banks of the river, and form a fine, decorated scene. The approach to the house lies through some well disposed groupes of trees, on a gentle ascent to the left of it. There are several pleasing openings as you advance, and at length, on the summit of the hill, a noble and wide extent of scenery unfolds itself. The house is built in a very plain, substantial manner, without any ornamental appendages whatever on the outside. After entering it, we were conducted through an elegant suite of apartments (on the ground floor) which are furnished with some charming pictures. Zuccarelli's best performances are in this collection.

Devon.
Saltram.

As we intended to visit Plymouth on our return out of Cornwall, we passed on without delay to Saltash. Opposite this place we found a commodious ferry-boat, which wafted us and our horses across the Tamar.

CORNWALL.

Saltafh. **S***ALTASH* is situated on the declivity of a very steep hill, which (through the principal street) it is not easy to ascend on horseback.—The quay commands a fine view of the river down to Plymouth-dock, and of Maker-heights; on the left may be seen the mouth of the Tavy, and the bleak heaths of Roborough. Though a borough, *Saltafh* is but a poor town, and yet the corporation are enriched by the anchorage and foilage of foreign vessels, the privilege of dragging for oysters, the ferry, &c. which, we were informed, produce considerable profits. The situation is not inviting, nor is there any thing picturesque in the appearance of the surrounding lands, which produce corn and pasture,

turage, separated by uniform strait hedges. *Cornwall.*
Towards St. Germain's the country assumes a more bold and ornamented aspect; some spots on the road are highly beautiful.

ST. GERMAIN'S is a miserable borough town, where nothing could have detained us except the church, which is a very venerable, ancient fabric, said to have been founded by Athelstan. It was dedicated to St. Germaine, who, (if I recollect right) was Bishop of Auxerre, in France. The whole of the west front still remains, but the two towers (one of which is octagonal and the other square) do not appear to be a part of the original design. The porch is Saxon. We soon perceived that the body of the church was of no remote date, though the arches are turned on the ancient Saxon pillars, which are uncommonly bulky, and their capitals singularly ornamented. The old chancel fell in, with a great crash, in the year 1592, just after divine service. The windows are in many places, stained with the arms of the diocese, and

St. Ger-
main's.

Cornwall. of several of its bishops, whose see was fixed here after its removal from Bodmin, and before the dioceses of Devon and Cornwall were united at Crediton.—There are the vaults also of several ancient families, such as the Scawens, Glanvills, and Eliots, over which are suspended the pompous decorations of banners, escutcheons, &c. On a monument belonging to one of the Glanvills we noticed the following curious inscription, upon which time and pains must have been miserably misapplied:—

“ *Inditur in gelidum Gregis hujus opilio bustuM*
 “ *Omnibus irriguis Lachrymis simul urbis et agrI*
 “ *Hujus erit vivax Atque indelebile nomeN*
 “ *Artibus et linguis Necnon virtute probatI*
 “ *Nobis ille novæ Vatem pro munere legiS*
 “ *Naviter et graviter Jucunde et suaviter egiT*
 “ *Ergo relanguenti Licet eluctetur ab orbE*
 “ *Spiritus æternum Lucebit totus ut asseR*

A. D. 1599. 24. Nov. natus est

1631. 20. Octobris denatus.”

There was formerly a burial ground round the church, but Lord Eliot, a few years ago, took it into his lawn, and of course removed every

every sepulchral memorial, which occasioned no small murmur and complaint among the helpless inhabitants of the town.—The parish is said to be twenty miles in circumference, and to contain no less than fifteen villages. *Cornwall.*

Within a few yards of the church, on the spot where a priory formerly stood, the seat of Lord Eliot is situated, from whose family the place takes the name of *Port-Eliot*. The church lands came into the possession of the Eliots in the reign of Elizabeth, from whom the borough received its privileges. At the dissolution of religious houses, the annual revenues of the priory were valued at two hundred and forty-three pounds eight shillings.—Magnificence was wholly avoided in the exterior of the mansion, and perhaps its simplicity is more correspondent to the scenery by which it is surrounded, and which is rather to be called pleasing than picturesque or grand. Lynher creek approaches within a small distance of the spot,

Cornwall. and is joined by the river Tidy, navigable from Tidiford.

There are not more than fifty or sixty houses in St. Germain's, which, however, would exercise its privileges just as well were the number still less. It is the property of Lord Eliot, whose two sons are the present representatives.

After a ride of twelve miles on a rough, hilly, and intricate road, which led through several East and West villages, we arrived at LOOE. There are two Looe. places indeed of that name, and they are so called from the two rivers East and West Looe, which unite just before they empty themselves into the sea, and separate these towns. One stream takes its rise a little north-west from Liskeard, and the other in the parish of St. Pennock. We were much struck by a view of the river as we descended into East Looe, which communicates with West Looe by a bridge of fifteen arches, built after a very ancient

cient fashion. There was something more bold *Cornwall.* and of a grander effect with respect to the nearer objects than in any scene that had yet occurred. The river washes the bases of the mountainous swells of ground on both sides, and West Looe is flanked by a prodigious eminence that at a distance appears inaccessible, and in fact is one of the steepest spots in the county.—Both towns are boroughs, though inconsiderable places, and supported chiefly by the pilchard fishery, which is a branch of business not very likely to recommend them to visitors.

We did not halt at Looe, but proceeded immediately towards Fowey, our road stretching over the lofty hill just mentioned, and affording us an unobstructed prospect of land and sea. The face of the country between Looe and Fowey resembles the less cultivated parts of Wiltshire, and the eye roams over a bleak, unornamented space, in which nothing but a few villages and scattered cottages occur to make it pause. We began to fancy ourselves already arrived

Cornwall. arrived in the mining country, and that we had bid adieu to fertility and picturesque beauty.

At the foot of some rocky, rising ground, at a short distance from Fowey, we had the satisfaction of seeing *Sibthorpia Europæa*, growing in great profusion. This little plant, so partial to the flaty soil of Cornwall, was discovered by the indefatigable Ray, between the publication of his first edition of the *Cat. Plant. Angliæ*, in 1670, and of the second in 1677. It was called *Sibthorpia* by Linnæus, in honour of Dr. *Sibthorpe*, father of the late Regius Professor of Botany in Oxford.—And here I hope I shall be pardoned, if I pause to pay a tribute of esteem to the memory of one whose friendship I must ever remember with gratitude, and whose name will ever be pronounced with respect by all who pursue the peaceful science to which he fell a martyr. Gifted with superior talents, accomplished in the graceful as well as the more laborious departments of human learning, tread-
ing

ing the paths of botany with an enthusiasm of *Cornwall.* which early years and an ample fortune seemed to promise an enviable indulgence, Dr. John Sibthorpe was a person to whom the scientific world looked forward with the hope of being eminently informed and enriched. But alas! nature allowed him to survive too short a time his second voyage to Greece, and his release from the oppression of a pulmonary disorder was granted only in the arms of death. In the words of the Roman poet, however, I may confidently say,

“Manet hunc pulchrum sua fama laborem.”

FOWEY is situated on the western bank of *Fowey.* the river Fawy, along which it extends nearly a mile, and there is a ferry from the village of Polruan, immediately opposite.—The rocks on both sides of the river are composed of a hard bluish slate, containing broad veins of what is generally called by mineralogists *fat* quartz, from its colour and greasiness to the touch. Indeed the slate also has almost the unctuousness

Cornwall. nefs of killas, and seems gradually to pass into that substance.—Scarcely any wood appears, but the height of the rocks, the boldness of the neighbouring hills, and the wildness of the distant landscape have a grand effect as you cross the water.

Long before we landed at Fowey, our olfactory nerves were assailed by the *effluvia* of salted pilchards, astonishing stores of which are laid up in the town, and form a very productive article of trade. The very fields are strewed with the refuse of fish and salt, which no doubt makes excellent manure, and may be obtained, we were informed, at as small a price as nine pence, or one shilling per bushel, each bushel consisting of eighteen gallons. Many vessels being employed in the fishery at the time of our arrival, curiosity induced us to hire a boat, and go out to sea to observe their operations.—The waves drove with such strength through the mouth of the river, that no small exertion was required to reach the distant fisher-boats, which
are

are generally stationed in ten fathoms water and clear of all breakers. The slowness of our voyage, however, allowed us to contemplate at our leisure the fine shores between which we passed. Two square stone forts, one on each side of the river, stand between the mouth of it and the opposite quays of Polruan and Fowey. These were built by Edward IV. but are now suffered to run to decay, St. Catharine's fort and the adjoining battery being thought a sufficient defence. Our boatmen informed us there was once a chain or boom, that might be extended from one fort to the other in case of an invasion.—We were much struck with that of St. Catharine, as we passed under it. It stands on the summit of a steep and magnificent pile of rocks that form one of the jaws of the river, and becomes in many points of view a very picturesque object. There are some large pieces of cannon on the platform, of which the gunner seemed to be not a little proud. This honest fellow, who was entirely deprived of one of his eyes, and apparently of half the other, engaged
to

Cornwall. to demolish any ship that offensively approached the harbour. I can certainly bear testimony to the *vigilance* of our friend the gunner, notwithstanding his deficiency of eye sight, for he spied one of my companions employed in drawing a view of his formidable fortrefs, and requested him forthwith to solicit the permission of the mayor.—St. Catharine's fort (with the chapel which, we were told, once adjoined to it) was built by the townsmen in the reign of Henry VIII.

We were not fortunate enough to see the manner of drawing up the nets, or seines, but they were spread out, and a number of light sail-boats were coasting at a distance in order to give notice to the fishermen if a shoal should approach. Sometimes people are stationed on the rocks to watch the course of the fish, and are called *huers*, from their setting up a *hue* to the fishermen. One of the seines which we saw stretch'd was two hundred fathoms in circumference, and eighteen in depth. Some are
said

faid to contain upwards of two hundred hogf- *Cornwall.*
heads, each hogfhead including generally three
thoufand fifhes. About twenty-eight thoufand
hogfheads were fupposed to have been caught
this feafon about the coaft of Fowey, and even
that number is not reckoned extraordinarily
great. Ten years ago, however, the fifh were
fo fcarce that the families of the fifhermen lived
folely on limpets, which at other times they
could not be prevailed upon to eat.—The time
at which the pilchards make their appearance
on the Cornifh coaft is about the middle of
July; at the latter end of September they de-
part to the arctic regions, like the herring.
Thirty or forty years back Christmas was the
time of their departure. This alteration of
their period is a very curious fact. Fifhermen
are never hired at prefent for a longer time
than three months, or even fix weeks, whereas
formerly they were employed almoft half a year.
—The worft enemy to the fifhery is the dog-
fifh (*Squalus Catulus*) which, we were told,
haunts

Cornwall. haunts this part of the coast, and devours the pilchard very greedily.

Having waited some time for the appearance of a shoal, without success, we returned towards the town, and were struck more than ever with the sublime and picturesque effect of the coast. The rocks on the Polruan side of the river rise to a vast height, and are rudely broken into pinnacles and prominences of uncommon boldness. Our view in front was terminated by hills which distance melted into one undulating ridge.

Just above Polruan we observed a ruin scarcely enough of which remains to give one any idea of the architecture, extent, or purpose of the original building. We were told that it was once a sort of watch-tower or fort.

On our landing we found a great number of people collected at the quay, to whom a party of unfortunate fishermen just returned were exhibiting

hibiting their torn nets. It was calculated that the profit of full forty pounds was lost, owing to an accident in hauling them up; without great steadiness and caution they are very apt to break. These fishermen had secured, however, some fine doree, turbot, and whiting-pollack, which (particularly the latter) are plentiful on the Fowey coast.—The whiting-pollack (*Gadus Pollachius*) is in growth not much unlike the whiting, but its under jaw is longer than the upper, and it often weighs five or six pounds. Its back is of a sort of dusky green colour; its belly white. This fish forms a frequent dish in Cornwall, and is very excellent food.

We now visited the store-houses for pilchards, the quantity of which, in one house alone, amounted to three hundred and ninety thousand fishes. The reader may judge of what importance the pilchard fishery is to this county, especially when he is informed that the cash paid for pilchards exported from the different ports of Cornwall has amounted, at a

Cornwall. medium, to the sum of nearly fifty thousand pounds annually. This sum includes the bounty allowed on exportation (which is eight shillings and sixpence per hoghead), and the oil made out of each. In the store-houses as well as in every cask, a portion of salt is spread between every layer of fish, and in the latter the fish are pressed as closely together as possible, so that the whole when turned out is quite in a compact state. The floor or pavement on which they are laid up is on a gentle declivity, that the deliquescent fat and salt may drain off and be preserved.—We found a great number of men, women, and children employed in the various processes of washing, salting, pressing, and making nets, ropes, casks, &c. and we had now an opportunity of examining the form and size of the pilchard, which in fact seems at first to differ so little from the herring that it is confounded with that species by Linnæus under the name of *Clupea Harengus*. Upon close inspection one may discover, I think, an essential difference between them, the former being less

com-

compressed than the latter, and also smaller. *Cornwall.*
The dorsal fin of the pilchard is placed exactly in the centre of gravity, so that the ordinary mode of distinguishing it from the herring is to try whether, when taken up by this fin, it preserve an equilibrium or not. The body of the herring dips towards the head. Mr. Pennant observes that the scales also of the latter easily drop off, whereas those of the pilchard adhere very closely.*

Fowey may be called a colony of fishermen; it is a large town, and contains many respectable inhabitants, most of whom, however, are concerned in the general trade. The church is a large, lofty, and handsome fabric, much ornamented with mouldings on the outside, and carved work within. From the stile of architecture, and the rose observable on the key-stones of several arches, I should suppose it to

* See *British Zoology*, vol. 3, p. 346.

Cornwall. be of the date of Edward IV.'s reign. Close to the burial ground, there is an eminence to which a flight of steps lead, and where a venerable old mansion called *Treffry House* stands. It is partly modern, and originally belonged to the Treffry family. Old Leland gives the following account of it, viz. "The Frenchmen diverse tymes (says he) assailed this town (*Fowey*) and last most notably about Henry VI. time, when the wife of Thomas-Treury (*Treffry*) the II. with her men repelled the French out of her house in her housebands absence, whereupon Thomas Treury builde a righte fair, and strongly embattled tower in his house, and embatling all the waulles of the house in a manner made it a castelle, and unto this day it is the glorie of the town building in Fowey."* In the roof of the hall appears the date, 1575. The old gate-way remains, as well as the *castellated* aspect of the whole building, and there

* Itinerary, vol. 3, p. 22.

is a public walk near it, overlooking the town and harbour.—Before I conclude this description of Fowey, I ought to refer the reader to Grose's *Antiquities* for representations of the several forts, &c. which are extremely accurate and well executed. Cornwall.

Having obtained all the information we could desire on the subject of the pilchard fishery, we proceeded to MENABILLY, the seat of Philip Menabilly. Rashleigh, Esq. M. P. for Fowey, whose politeness prevailed on us to pass some days with him.

Mr. Rashleigh possesses the most splendid collection of minerals in Cornwall, or perhaps in the kingdom. The mineral productions of the county constitute the most valuable part of his cabinet, being as ample and instructive as could be procured. Among these the most remarkable specimens are green carbonate of lead, and apatite, with quartz (from near Helston), blende, in twenty-sided crystals, and green fluor,

Cornwall. in crystals of twenty-four sides (from St. Agnes), crystallized antimony, with red blende, on quartz (from Huel Boys, near Port-Isaac), yellow copper ore, with opal (from Roskeir), and arseniate of copper, in cubes of a bright grass green colour (from Huel Carpenter)—In short, every mineralogical rarity of the county is to be seen in this rich and magnificent collection, with the inspection of which its truly worthy and liberal possessor has been on all occasions ready to gratify those who study the science. How much it is to be wished that men of large fortunes and wide connections would more frequently thus cultivate some branch of useful knowledge, and assist those whose taste disposes them to pursue the same, but whose circumstances may render it imprudent for them to incur the expences of it!—such men are ornaments to their country; and they are the best benefactors to science, for whilst they find an amusement for their own leisure they promote its popularity, and encourage its votaries,

Mena-

Cornwall.

Menabilly is situated about four miles west from Fowey, at a short distance from the sea, of which the front windows command an extensive view. Under these windows myrtles flourish the whole year, and perfume with their fragrance the adjoining apartments.—Near the shore Mr. Rashleigh built (a few years ago) a beautiful grotto, which is celebrated throughout the county, and not without reason. It stands at the extremity of a large grove, and is constructed with the finest species of marble and serpentine, brilliant crystals, pebbles, shells, &c. A table, placed in the middle of it, contains specimens of thirty-four species of granite, all collected in Cornwall. Here are also some links of the chain (encrusted with shells, coral, &c.) which once extended across the Fawey. They were taken up in the year 1776 by some fishermen.

From Menabilly we made excursions to the Poth stream-works of tin, Polgooth-mine, and Roche rocks.

Cornwall.
Poth stream-
works.

The POTH STREAM-WORKS, are about four miles from Fowey, contiguous to the shore of Trewardreth bay. These works are some of the most considerable of the kind in Cornwall, and the ore is of the purest sort. Without any other management than being pounded and washed on the spot, it is said to have brought thirteen parts for twenty at the smelting-house—that is, smelters have contracted to deliver to the owner's order thirteen pounds of tin for twenty pounds of ore. The pebbles from which the metal is extracted are found imbedded in a bluish marl, mixed with sand, and containing various marine *exuviae*. The depth of the principal *stratum* is about twenty feet, and its thickness about six or seven. Great part of it had been worked before iron tools were used, for large pickaxes made of oak, holm, and box have been found here. The pebbles run from the size of sand to that of a small egg, and are for the most part rounded evidently by attrition against each other. They are found over a great tract of St. Blazey moor,
and

and near Par, where are also stream-works. *Cornwall,*
The sand at the latter place is in some places seventy feet deep, and large blocks of granite lie buried in it. It appears to me that both about Poth and Par the soil has been formed partly by deposit from the sea, and partly by mould and fragments washed by streams from the surrounding mountains. The shells which abound in the stream-works at all depths are proofs of the former, and numerous rivulets may be traced from the granite ridges about Luxulian and Lanlivery to the margin of the bay where they empty themselves. These have washed down pieces of ore from its beds, and perhaps remnants of old workings, and the sea has afterwards covered them with mud and sand, which are now carried off by brisk streams of water conducted over the ground, in little channels, so as to leave the pebbles at the bottom; hence the name of *stream-works*, which most probably were the earliest method discovered by our ancestors for procuring the ore of tin. After being pounded by a machine made
for

Cornwall. for the purpose, (and turned by water) and again washed in order to be cleansed as much as possible from earthly particles, the ore is sent to the smelting-house to be made into malleable metal.—So valuable is the supply of water used in some of the stream-works, that when turned from grist-mill tenants, it has been let for fifty pounds per month, for several years following.

At Poth the famous *wood-tin*, as it is called, (from the appearance of wood which some of the pebbles exhibit) has been found abundantly, but it is now scarce. It has nearly the colour of *haematites* (and indeed contains some iron), with fine streaks or *striae* converging to the different centres, like the radiated zeolite. It is hard enough to give sparks with steel, and when broken still shews a fibrous appearance. Professor Brunnich, of Copenhagen, says that it gives thirty-four parts of tin in an hundred.* Klap-

* See *Memoirs of the Royal Swedish Academy*.

roth found that it yielded more than sixty- *Cornwall.*
three.*

On some heathy ground near St. Blazey, *Betula Alnus* (alder) grows in great profusion.

POLGOOTH, one of the richest and largest *Polgooth.*
tin-mines in the county, if not in the world, is situated about two miles south-west from St. Austle. The surrounding country is for many miles bleak, barren, and tedious to the eye—I ought not indeed to call it *barren*, for its bowels contain riches, though, like the shabby mien of the miser, its aspect does not correspond with the hoards.

There are no less than fifty shafts in Polgooth; twenty-six are still in use, with as many horizontal wheels, or whims. The main vein of ore, which is about six feet thick, runs from

* See *Observations on the Mines and Minerals of Cornwall.*

Cornwall. east to west, and dips to the north at the rate of about six feet in a fathom. Towards the east it divides into two branches, and there is another that cuts the former nearly at a right angle, and consequently runs north and south, dipping to the east. The exact extent of this mine has not been ascertained, but we were informed that it has afforded tin the full length of a mile. The depth of the engine-shaft is about one hundred and ten fathoms, and this machine draws up, at each stroke, a column of water thirty feet in height and fifteen inches in diameter. There is also an excellent overshot water-engine with a wheel thirty-six feet in diameter. The ore is disseminated in general through a *matrix* of *caple*,* accompanied with yellow cupreous py-

* It must be remembered that I now use the terms of the miners, which are commonly very vague. *Caple* is as vague an one as any—sometimes it is given as a general term to the crust, or coating of the ore;—sometimes to an argillaceous substance, and sometimes to a quartzose one. The miners are directed solely by the *externa facies* of a mineral, and even about the name applicable to *that* scarcely two can agree. They have pretty generally determined, however, that *caple* must be black, and at Polgooth they mean a heavy kind of quartz which is perfectly opaque, close textured, and contains a large portion of argill.

rites,

Cornwall.

rites, and sometimes ferrugineous ochre. It is of the vitreous kind, but rarely found in crystals;—the colour for the most part greyish brown. The *country** of the ore is chiefly a greyish killas, but we observed large heaps of what the miners call *elvan stone*†, about the shafts. This substance, they told us, formed a cross course, and drove the vein of tin several feet out of the direct line.—Polgooth is said to have yielded a clear profit of one thousand five hundred pounds per month, and Borlase mentions that in his time the proprietors gained twenty thousand pounds annually, several years following. Upwards of seventeen thousand pounds were expended, however, before the mine yielded one shilling.

* By the *country* of an ore the miners mean the soil, or substance, through which the veins of ore run, or in which they are imbedded.

† This term is given to substances perfectly different in their composition, and we could never obtain a satisfactory definition of an *elvan stone*. The elvan of Polgooth, however, is a greenish, or cinereous granite, composed of quartz, mica, felspar, and some *steatites* intimately blended. It is sometimes found in a decomposing state, when it assumes a pale yellowish colour and a porphyritic texture.

This

Cornwall. This perhaps may not be an improper place to give the reader some idea of the mode in which mining affairs in Cornwall are conducted, and also of the various workings and processes pursued in the mines.

The indications of the presence of a *lode** (or vein of metal) in a particular spot are various. The most general are either a barren patch and a partial deficiency of vegetation, (but this can happen only when a lode is near the surface of the ground) or scattered fragments of ore, called *shodes*, when they lie contiguous to a substance of primitive formation, such as granite, quartz, killas, &c.—or a metallic, harsh taste in springs and rills. Many rich lodes have been discovered by work-

* A *lode* is a crack, or fissure, (in the earth) containing a metallic substance which may be conceived to have insinuated itself, as it were, into it, like the sparry matter of *Lodus Helmontii* into the cracks of the clay.

ing *drifts*,* as they are called, acrofs the *Cornwall*. country from north to fouth, and *vice-verfa*. This direction is taken becaufe moft of the veins of metal in Cornwall are found to run from eaft to weft, or nearly, fo that by driving in the above manner a lode may be cut right acrofs.—But by whatever accident or method a lode be difcovered, the leave of the lord of the foil muft be obtained before any workings are commenced. On a wafte, or common, indeed, any one has a right to fet up bounds,† or in other words, to take poffeffion of a fpot, and the bounder's confent is as neceffary to adventurers as the lord's in the former cafe. The lord's fhare of the profits (which is called his *difh*) is generally one fixth, or one eighth, clear of coft; the fhares of the adventurers depend

* A *drift* is a trench, or fofs, cut in the ground to a certain depth, refembling a level dug to convey water to a mill-wheel.

† *Bounds*, in Cornwall, are little pits dug about a foot deep and wide, at the extreme angles of the portion of ground taken poffeffion of for mining. *

Cornwall. on their original contributions and engagements.

In digging a mine, the three material points to be considered are the removal of the barren rock, or rubbish, the discharge of water, (which abounds more or less in every mine) and the raising of the ore. Difficulties of course increase with depth, and the utmost aid of all the mechanical powers is sometimes ineffectual when the workings are deep and numerous. Mountains and hills are dug with the most convenience, because drains and adits may be cut to convey the water at once into the neighbouring valleys. These adits are sometimes continued to the distance of one or two miles, and, though the expence is so very considerable, are found a cheaper mode of getting rid of the water than by raising it to the top, especially when there is a great flow and the mine very deep. It seldom happens, however, that a level is to be found near enough for an adit to be made to it from the *bottom* of a mine ; recourse must be
had

had to a steam-engine,* by which the water is brought up to the adit, be the height of it what it may. As soon as a shaft is sunk to some depth, a machine called a *whim* is erected, to bring up either rubbish or ore, which is previously broken into convenient fragments by pick-axes and other instruments. The whim is

Cornwall.

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M

composed

* The steam-engine is one of the most curious and, perhaps, most useful machines that owe their origin to the discoveries of philosophy; without it many of the mines in Cornwall must long ago have ceased to be worked, and among other purposes to which it has elsewhere been most advantageously applied should be mentioned the supplying of towns with water, the grinding of corn, the turning of the wheels of machines in woollen manufactories, and the blowing of bellows to fuse ores and metals.—We have to boast of this grand machine being invented, as well as perfected, in our own country. Captain Savery is said to have first discovered the method of raising water by the pressure of air, in consequence of the condensation of steam, or at least he was the first person that put any method of this sort into practice. He obtained a patent in the year 1698 for a machine contrived in the following manner: the air was expelled from a vessel by steam, and the steam condensed by the admission of cold water, which causing a vacuum, the pressure of the atmosphere forced the water to ascend into the steam-vessel through a pipe twenty-four or twenty-six feet high; by dense steam brought from the boiler, the water in the steam-vessel was elevated to the requisite height. This construction, however, did not answer, because very strong vessels were wanted to resist the expansive violence of the steam, an enormous quantity of which was, besides, condensed by coming in contact with the cold-water in the steam-vessel. The danger of bursting the vessels was avoided soon afterwards by the invention of Messrs. Newcomen and Cawley, of Dartmouth.

Cornwall. composed of a perpendicular axis, on which turns a large hollow cylinder, of timber (called the *cage*), and around this a rope (being directed down the shaft by a pulley fixed perpendicularly at the mouth of it) winds horizontally. In the axis a transverse beam is fixed, at the end of which two horses or oxen are fastened, and go

Dartmouth. These gentlemen employed for the steam-vessel a hollow cylinder, shut at the bottom and open at the top, and furnished with a piston sliding easily up and down in it, but made tight by oakum or hemp, and covered with water. The piston was suspended by chains from one end of a beam moveable on an axis in the middle of its length; to the other end of this beam hung the pump-rods.—Some imperfections still remained, but the most important were at length wholly removed by the discoveries of Mr. Watt, and the construction made use of by that very ingenious gentleman and Mr. Bolton, (of Soho, near Birmingham) who obtained a patent for twenty-five years, in addition to the term granted to Mr. W. alone in the year 1768. One of these machines will work a pump of eighteen inches in diameter and upwards of one hundred fathoms in height, at the rate of ten or twelve strokes of seven feet long, each, in a *minute*. It will raise a weight equal to eighteen thousand pounds to the height of eighty feet in that same space of time. The combined action of two hundred good horses could not effect more.—In Newcomen's engine, this would have required a cylinder ten feet in diameter, but, as in the new engine, the steam acts, and a vacuum is made, alternately above and below the piston, the power exerted is double to what the same cylinder would otherwise produce, and is farther augmented by an inequality in the length of the two ends of the lever. It must be considered too that one fifth part only of the coals which the old engine would have required is used for the same portion of work.

their

their rounds, hauling up a bucket, (or *kibbul*) *Cornwall.* full of ore, or rubbish, whilst an empty one is descending. The ore is blown out of the rock by means of gunpowder. When it is raised out of the mine, it is divided into as many shares, (or *doles*) as there are lords and adventurers, and these are measured out by barrows, an account of which is kept by a person who notches a stick. Every mine enjoys the privilege of having the ore distributed on the adjacent fields. It is generally pounded or stamped on the spot in the stamping mill; if full of slime, it is thrown into a pit called a *buddle* to render the stamping the more free without choaking the grates. If free from slime, the ore is shovelled into a kind of sloping canal of timber called the *pass*, whence it slides by its own weight and the assistance of a small stream of water, into the box where the lifters work. The lifters are raised by a water wheel, and they are armed at the bottom with large masses of iron (perhaps one hundred and forty pounds in weight) which pound or stamp the ore small enough for its passage

M 2

through

Cornwall. through the holes of an iron-grate fixed in one end of the box. To assist its attrition, a rill of water keeps it constantly wet, and it is carried by a small gutter into the *fore pit* where it makes its first settlement, the lighter particles running forward with the water into the *middle pit*, and thence into the third, where what is called the slime settles. From these pits they carry the ore to the keeve, when it is quite washed from all its filth, and rendered clean enough for the smelting-house. The foreman, (or principal servant employed by a company of adventurers) is called the *Captain*, who keeps the accompts, pays and regulates the miners, and manages a variety of concerns. There are also *Under-ground-captains* (as they are stiled) who have the immediate inspection of the works below, survey the ladders and ropes, &c.—The Cornish mines are descended into by means either of a bucket, a rope tied round one's thighs, or ladders. In some mines any one of those methods may be adopted. A person who should prefer either of the two first must often descend

Cornwall.

descend in the same shaft wherein the steam-engine works, and the noise arising from its movements, together with the horrible appearance of the rod when lifted up over his head, occasions the most uneasy sensations imaginable. The miners themselves invariably recommended to us the ladder-shafts, in which one has to trust to one's own strength, and the spokes of a ladder, which are seldom so insecure as ropes and the other parts of a machine. By whatever method however a person may be induced to descend, he is accoutred in a flannel jacket and trowsers, a close cap, an old broad brimmed hat over the latter (to shelter the face from droppings) and a thick pair of shoes. A lighted candle is put into one hand, and a spare one suspended to a button of his jacket. The flannel dress is worn close to the skin, in order to absorb the profuse perspiration which the closeness of the mine, or the labour of mounting the ladders may occasion, and every part of one's ordinary dress is laid aside.

Cornwall. ROCHE-ROCKS (so called from the neighbouring village of St. Roche) are situated in the midst of an open heath, half a mile south from the road leading through Bodmin to Truro, and about six miles from the former place. The country around is naked, barren, and dreary almost beyond conception. Between St. Roche and Leftwythiel the hills consist entirely of granite, or at least of rocks of a granitic nature, which peep above the soil in various places, and form rude, grotesque crags. North of St. Blazey there are considerable ridges, and it is remarkable that some are composed of detached blocks, wholly dissimilar with respect to their constituent parts; the quartz, felspar, and mica are not only in very different proportions, but different in texture, and are partially mixed with schorl and horn blende. On these ridges innumerable rills take their rise, which about Luxulian and Lanlivery, on the eastern side of the Fawy, unite into copious streams, washing away the scanty vegetable mould, and
exposing

exposing to view the broad bosoms of the rocks. *Cornwall.*

The particles of gold which are frequently found here about and especially at Castle Park, near Lestwythiel, and to the north of Probus, (in which direction the granite continues) are probably washed down from the same rocky eminences. Mr. Rashleigh informs me that the degree of purity of this gold is nearly the same as that of Wicklow, affording about twenty-one parts out of twenty-four. The largest piece ever found in Cornwall was that which belonged to Mr. Lemon, grandfather of Sir William Lemon; it weighed fifteen penny-weights sixteen grains.—To return to the subject of Roche-rocks—These consist of a white sparry quartz, mixed with schoerl, which appears in innumerable needle-like crystals. Two or three varieties of this substance are observable, in one the schoerl being more sparingly interspersed, and in another more abundantly, but the texture is throughout very loose, some of it crumbling between the fingers

Cornwall. if slightly rubbed.*——A pile of rocks starting abruptly out of a wide green surface, and covering some space with enormous fragments on which there are only a few vestiges of incipient vegetation, form a singular scene, exhibiting a kind of wild sublimity peculiar to itself. Some of them are full sixty feet in height, and on a projection in one part stands a small Gothic building to all appearance very ancient, and tradition reports that it was once the cell of a hermit. A regular flight of steps lead to it.—Leaving Menabilly, we proceeded through St. Austle and Grampound to Truro.

On the downs between St. Blazey and St. Austle we remarked several barrows; in some places there were three, and in others as many as five, in a line. Whether they are British, Roman, or Saxon, I am unable to determine.

* The above substance, according to M. d'Aubenton, is a *granitello*, —a name which Mr. Kirwan proposes, with great propriety, to apply to all binary aggregates of the granitic kind.

I should



I should observe, however, that we saw but few *Cornwall.*
of these turf monuments in this county.

ST. AUSTLE, which is a small place, has no- *St. Austle.*
thing to recommend it to attention but the
church, which is a fine, old fabric. There is a
large blowing-house for tin at the western ex-
tremity of the town.

GRAMPOUND, though a borough, cannot *Grampond.*
boast of much more extent, or respectability of
appearance, than *St. Austle.* It is a town of
great antiquity, and supposed to be the *Voliba*
of Ptolemy. The river Fal, which takes its
rise near *St. Roche*, runs through the place, and
the bridge over it is supposed to have given ori-
gin to the name of *Grampond*, a corruption
of *grand pont* (great bridge.)

East of the Fal, above Grampond, the Corn-
ish china-stone (as it is called) is principally
procured. This substance, like the Chinese
kaolin, seems to be merely a decomposed granite,
the

Cornwall. the felspar being become a soft *lithomarga*. At Truro this substance has been manufactured into retorts and crucibles of so excellent a quality as to stand the fire with uncommon success, and it contains so small a quantity of iron, that the porcelain made from it in Worcestershire and Staffordshire is very little discoloured.—The soil between St. Austle and Truro is chiefly killas, which towards the coast passes into argillaceous slate.

We were much pleased with the tower of Probus church, which is a fine object, but without any accompaniment of agreeable scenery, or advantage of situation. In fact this part of the county is altogether insipid and unornamented, hills and vales succeeding each other with a tedious sameness.

Truro. TRURO stands in a vale at the conflux of two rivers, Kenwyn and St. Allen, which, with the tide from Falmouth harbour, form a fine body of water, sufficient to bring up ships of full one hundred

Cornwall.

hundred tons. It is unquestionably the handsomest town in Cornwall, the streets being regular and commodious, and the houses of a very neat appearance. As it is a sort of central place with respect to the mines, adventurers generally hold their meetings here, and the tanners bring most of their tin hither to be coined,* as it is called. There are four other coinage towns, which are Liskeard, Lestwithiel, Helston, and Penzance. To one of these places every block of tin that is to be sold must be brought, in order to be assayed and licenced by the officers of the duchy of Cornwall, who take off a piece of about a pound weight from the bottom of the block, and, if they find it sufficiently pure, stamp the former with the Duke's arms. For every hundred weight of tin so stamped he receives four shillings. The stamp, however, is said to afford no security for the goodness of tin sold abroad, since it is well

* This term seems to have been given on account of the stamps being made with a hammer, like the impressions on the ancient money.

known

Cornwall. known that in Holland every tin-founder is provided with it, and whatever his tin be, the inscription "*block tin*" makes it pass for English.—A stranger will be very much struck, at his first entrance into Truro, to see the blocks of tin that lie in heaps about the streets. Every block is worth ten or twelve guineas, weighing sometimes three hundred and twenty pounds—a load too great for a thief to carry off without discovery.—More tin and copper are exported hence than from any port in the county. The wharf is very large and convenient.

About one mile and an half from Truro, on the road to Falmouth, there is a large smelting-house for tin, which, through the kindness of the proprietor, we were permitted to visit. It contains ten reverberatory furnaces, which employ about twenty men. Culm-coal is used as the flux, in the proportion of about one eighth to the ore. They smelt within six hours six hundred weight of the latter, which yield about
three

three hundred and fifty of tin.—The furnaces *Cornwall.*
are six feet in height, about as many in length,
and three feet, or more, in breadth.

During the process of *roasting*, to which it is necessary that most tin-ores should be subjected before they are smelted, in order to dissipate the sulphur or arsenic wherewith they may be combined, the former of these two goes off with a bluish flame, and the latter being volatilized adheres to the sides of a long chimney adapted to that purpose.*

In our way to Falmouth we stopped at the stream-works of CARNON, which are very rich *Carnon.*
and extensive, the proprietors gaining at least three thousand pounds *per annum*. These

* Tin, however, is in very few instances found combined with sulphur. Arsenic, on the contrary, is frequently very strongly retained by it, and may be considered as scarcely dissipable from it, even after a long exposure to a very intense heat. It may be detected by holding filings of the metal over the flame of a candle, for in this case a smell resembling that of garlic will be yielded by the former, if there be any.

Cornwall. works are close to an arm of Falmouth-harbour called Restonguet Creek, into which a great number of streams come down from the hills eastward of Redruth. They are nearly a mile in length, and three hundred yards in breadth, the streaming being carried on in a direction from north to south. The number of men and boys employed here amounted to at least one hundred and fifty. The marl in which the pebbles are found resembles that at Poth, being full of a variety of shells apparently as recent as those we had seen there, but unmixed with so much sand. The mud and other matter washed down by the streams had raised a sort of embankment, which, by its continual extension and some assistance from art, has gradually contracted the boundaries of the tide, and thus the whole space now occupied by the stream-works has been gained from the sea. Nothing can be more evident than that much of the soil wherein the tin-pebbles are imbedded is mere deposit, of no remote date.—Copper is seldom found in this state on account of its veins lying so much
lower

lower than those of the former metal, which *Cornwall.* (especially in this part of the county) may frequently be found within a few fathoms of the surface of the ground.—Gold in minute grains is continually found in the stream-works of Carnon, and we actually saw several particles among some tin-ore that had been just washed.

Among the shells observable in the soil here—about the most frequent species is *Mastra Listeri*, and it is remarkable that this same shell abounds in the marl pits of the neighbourhood of Oxford. I have never seen any, however, in the latter half so recent and perfect as those at Poth and Carnon.

The road to Falmouth, soon after leaving the stream-works of Carnon, passes through PEN- *Penryn.* RYN. This town is finely situated, being surrounded by a bold and varied country, and overlooking the harbour, which here makes another branch or creek. It carries on some trade and has a good custom-house and quay.

A col-

Cornwall. A collegiate church for thirteen prebendaries was built here by Walter Bronescombe, Bishop of Exeter. The parish church is at Gluvias, a quarter of a mile or more from the town.

Falmouth. FALMOUTH is unquestionably one of the noblest ports in the kingdom, and so commodious that ships of the greatest burthen may come close to the quay. The harbour is said to be as large as that of Brundisium, and perhaps the whole English navy might ride within it. Its numerous creeks afford secure shelter to ships in the most tempestuous weather. The town itself is large, and more populous than any three boroughs in the county, but does not return representatives to parliament. Many very opulent merchants reside here, and are concerned in a most extensive trade.—The packet-boats to the West Indies, Spain, Portugal, and other countries depart hence.

About a mile from Falmouth, at the extremity of a peninsula which forms the south-west
boundary

boundary of the bay, stands PENDENNIS CASTLE, a fine and extensive fortress. The works are nearly a mile in circumference, and from their elevated and commanding situation have a noble appearance from the town. This castle protects the entrance of Falmouth-harbour; it is considered as very strong, and was rendered so principally in the reign of Elizabeth, though some parts of the fortifications are as old as the time of Henry VIII.

Cornwall.
Pendennis
Castle.

Pendennis Castle was bravely defended in 1646 against the parliamentary forces by John Arundel, of Trewice, who (as Lord Clarendon informs us) was almost fourscore years of age. The garrison refused to treat until they had not provisions for twenty-four hours left, but nevertheless obtained conditions as good as had been given to any fortress in the kingdom.— Among other persons of distinction concerned in this gallant conduct were Sir Robert Killigrew, a member of parliament, and the gover-

Cornwall. nor's son, Colonel Arundel, afterwards created a peer.

On the opposite side of Falmouth harbour St. Mawe's. stands the Castle of ST. MAWE'S, which is far inferior in every respect to Pendennis. The adjoining village (I cannot call it a *town*) has sent members to parliament ever since the year 1562, though the inhabitants at present are merely a few fishermen, and the place itself is without church, chapel, or meeting-house.

The shore about Falmouth abounds with shells. We picked up several uncommon species in a very short space of time. *Tellina proficua* (Muf. Port.) and *Cardium exiguum* I have not seen classed as yet in the British catalogue, but they are frequent on this part of the coast. Here was also a non-descript species of *Venus*, which may, I think, be not improperly named *V. Cardioides*, from its resemblance to the *Cardia*. It is figured in the *Testacea minuta rariora*, of Messrs. Boys and Walker, plate 3, f. 82,
and

and may be described as *V. testa ovata, longitudinaliter fulcata, transversim obsolete striata.* Cornwall.

We intended to have crossed the Helford river, in our way to the Lizard-point, and to have visited Menachan,* which lies on its western bank, but we were informed that the passage was at this time extremely turbulent, and that travellers were usually put to much inconvenience by being obliged to wait for the arrival of watermen from the distant villages.—Several bold headlands, in this direction, meet the eye from Pendennis Castle, which overlooks the coast to a considerable distance. The huge black rocks called the *Manacles* come in view to the south, and near them the shore winds again westward, gently undulating until it recedes into Coverack-cove.—We were obliged to make a long circuit in order to get to the Lizard-point, by passing through Gweek, a village

* Here the semi-metal called the *Menachanite* is found.

Cornwall. near the head of the Helford river, and thence to Mullion, which is the only place where any kind of accommodation can be obtained.—A guide was recommended to us at Falmouth, and indeed, without the assistance of some person acquainted with the country, and all the various windings of the road, we could never have reached our place of destination.

Immediately after we left Falmouth, the road began to glitter with particles of mica, which are separated from their *matrix*, the granite, by the abrasion of wheels. Granite, however, did not continue many miles on our road; as we approached Gweek, pebbles of a quartzose fracture and brownish colour covered the ground, and we saw no more of granite the whole day.—Just before we reached Mullion, rocks of serpentine began to rear their heads above the turf, and the soil became altogether magnesian.

Mullion. MULLION is a small village a little to the right

Cornwall.

right of the road leading to the Lizard. The church tower may be seen, rising above some bleak hills, at a great distance, and we imagined that it must belong to something better than a groupe of wretched cottages.—It is remarkable that most of the churches, even of the meanest places, in Cornwall, are lofty, respectable edifices, and therefore useful objects both to the seaman and the traveller. I know not how we should have found our way through many parts of the county, if not aided by such conspicuous landmarks as these church-towers.—Another circumstance uncommon in other parts of England is that many market, and even borough towns are without a church, which is the reason why the Cornish people dignify those places that have, by adding the title of *church-town* to their names. Thus Mullion is more generally known by the name of *Mullion-church-town*, and, perhaps, if you were to ask a peasant for Mullion, he would not know what place you meant.

Cornwall.

Our guide having betrayed some diffidence of his *geographical* knowledge, we judged it prudent to provide ourselves with an additional one at Mullion, especially as we were desirous of finding out the soap-rocks and Kynance cove, of which the former had heard as little as of the places in the interior parts of Africa.

We had proceeded about a mile from the village when we first saw *Erica vagans*, the most rare and beautiful of our English heaths. It grew in amazing profusion—indeed almost to the exclusion of every other plant. We observed a white variety, but this was not so plentiful.

Whilst we were contemplating the flowery turf on which our horses trod, and which was the only ornamental appearance nature could afford to the dreary expanse of Goonhilly-downs, the atmosphere quite on a sudden became charged with heavy vapours, and so dark that even our two guides began to express some perplexity

Cornwall.

plexity about finding their way. There was no object to shew in what direction we were proceeding, and, to augment our disastrous condition, the clouds soon poured down a torrent of rain.—After wandering a long time over dangerous bogs, we stumbled on some soap-rocks, which though not the famous ones, served sufficiently to shew us the stratification of *steatites*. The principal soap-rocks of Cornwall (and indeed of our island) are close to the shore between Mullion and the Lizard.—The substance in which the veins of *steatites* run is a dull reddish serpentine, variegated with black and brown. We found it in a soft and almost ductile state, but, when out of its *matrix*, it soon becomes hard, and from its unctuousness to the touch bears a great resemblance to soap: hence the name of *soap-rock*. The colour is whitish, with spots or streaks of purple or red. Whether *steatites* be only a purer species of serpentine; or whether it be the effect of a decomposition of that substance it seems difficult to determine. It might be useful for the manufac-

Cornwall. ture of porcelain, nature having herself mixed argillaceous and magnesian earths very nearly in the requisite proportions for that purpose, but I have not been informed whether it is used much, except for eradicating grease, like fuller's earth. Klaproth found it to contain 48, 42 *per cent.* of *silica*, 20, 84 of *magnesia*, 14 of argill, 1 of iron, and 16 of air and water.

Kynance
cove.

KYNANCE COVE is situated about a mile north-west from the Lizard-point, and is perhaps one of the most extraordinary spots on our coast, especially under the circumstances that we saw it. The descent to it is extremely steep, and overhung by large crags called in Cornwall *karns*. As to the cove itself, it is formed by huge black rocks, of an immense height, partly projecting into the sea, and so singularly disposed in one place as to open a fine natural arch into a sort of grotto. The latter might once have been the scene of some of the more mysterious Druidical rites, for the celebration of which none could have exhibited a natural solemnity

solemnity more likely to secure a religious *Cornwall*.
awe.——

—“*Arcanus hic terror, sanctaque ignorantia.*”—

A flood of rain continuing to fall whilst we were contemplating the cove, the billows swelling to a mountainous height, and the clouds forming a sable canopy over the distant sea, added an awfulness and sublimity to the objects before us, which cannot be more exactly described than in the words of Virgil.—

—“*Immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
“ Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris
“ Conjectæ ex alto nubes. Ruit arduus æther
“ Et pluvia ingenti fata læta boumque labores
“ Diluit. Implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescunt,
“ Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
“ Ipse Pater media nimborum in nocte—”**

Georg. lib. i.

* The last image is most truly sublime, and perhaps of all the phenomena of nature none is more tremendous than a dark, overburthened sky. The psalmist has selected it to give an awful idea of the throne of the Almighty. “He made darkness” (says he) “his secret place; his pavilion round about him was *deep-waters and thick clouds of the skies.*”

The

Cornwall.

The rocks of Kynance-cove are composed entirely of serpentine, varying much in colour internally, though the surface exhibits one uniform shade, being covered with a most beautiful sort of enamel, which seems to be chlorite. Its colour is dark green, and there is a greasiness to the touch, which, with its other properties, renders it the link, as it were, between talc and the more coarse, hard *species* of the magnesian class. The scales are rather flexible, and somewhat transparent.—These rocks are extremely interesting to a mineralogist; here the gradations, and transitions of various substances into each other will employ his speculation, for, besides those already mentioned, *asbestos* appears in small portions, and veins of *steatites* may be traced in numerous directions. Native copper, in a thread-like form, as well as in lumps, is found also in the fissures of the serpentine. The latter is a very beautiful stone, and would be very ornamental for chimney-pieces, slabs, &c. being scarcely distinguishable in appearance from marble. Among the fragments on the shore,

shore polished by the attrition of the waves, *Cornwall.* there were some of an olive green variegated with black, and others red with waving stripes of purple. Two colours seem necessary to constitute a serpentine, which indeed the name implies, being taken from the undulated marks on a serpent's back.

The violence of the sea on this shore is so unfavourable to vegetation that not a single plant, of any kind, appears within a considerable distance. As we approached the top of the hill, however, above the cove, we saw *Geranium sanguineum* spreading itself in broad tufts.

Notwithstanding the persecution of the elements we continued our route to the LIZARD- Lizard point. POINT, receiving this species of consolation from our guides—that there was no chance of better weather at any other time. They assured us that it rains at least seven months out of the twelve, and that a south-west wind almost always blows, in this part of the country. *Libs*, it seems, may
be

Cornwall. be more properly represented in England with his Athenian emblems than any other of his brother winds. The *aplustre** will serve to commemorate his mischievous influence on the Cornish coast as well as in the Saronic gulph many centuries ago. Wrecks happen near the Lizard continually. Foreign pilots, unacquainted with its perils seldom keep the necessary distance from it, and (what is the most melancholy circumstance) no kind of assistance can be afforded from the land. The cape is so steep and fenced with rocks, that no boat can come near, and the wretched sufferers often perish in the sight of numerous spectators not more than a stone's throw distant!—There are two lighthouses at the extremity of this Cornish *Chersonesus*, which is the southermost point of the whole coast of England, and it is remarkable that in no portion of the latter of equal extent are

* An *aplustre*, or streamer of a ship, it will be remembered, is the emblem with which the south-west wind is represented in the octagonal temple of the winds at Athens.

there

there so many promontories as between Poole-
harbour and the Land's-end. Portland, Start-
point, and the Lizard are perhaps *bolder* pro-
jections too than any in the Channel west of
Cape La Hogue in France. *Cornwall.*

Asparagus officinalis is said to grow about the
Lizard, but we saw no specimens of it, nor of
any other uncommon plant, except *Herniaria*
glabra.

Though cultivation be a sad enemy to bo-
tany, it is not always in an uncultivated coun-
try that the botanist is most successful. I have
never seen a country more truly in a state
of nature than part of that near the Lizard-
point, but only two rare plants occurred to our
notice as we proceeded towards Helston, and
those were *Erica vagans* and *Scilla autumnalis*.
Our eyes were regaled by the former full five
miles. It is very singular that this beautiful
plant should not have been discovered in any
other part of England, and that it should grow
in

Cornwall. in such wonderful profusion here.—We lost it on a sudden, not a single straggling specimen being observed by us beyond a particular line, which was formed as nearly as we could guess, by the termination of the magnesian soil.

As night now began to threaten us, and there was no possibility of being lodged any where but at Helston, prudence dictated to us to omit surveying the eastern point of the cape, which from the best information we could procure, exhibits the same *strata* as the western; serpentine rocks extend quite to St. Kevern, north of which, towards the river Hel, quartz and killas prevail.

Helston. HELSTON is situated on the banks of the Lo, a river that rises in the granite mountains somewhere between Crowan and Stithyans. It is a populous, decent town, and a borough, and its trade has long been good. Several tin-ships take in their lading at the port, which is commodious and provided with a tolerable quay.

There

There are four principal streets, intersecting *Cornwall.* each other at right angles.

At Penrose, not far from Helston, are some lead-mines. We lamented much that other engagements would not allow us to visit them. We proceeded from Helston without delay to Marazion.—At a short distance from the former of these places we found ourselves in the narrowest part of the country, and, as we were on an eminence, could see the sea on each side of us. The two channels pressing in, as it were, upon the land, rendered the prospect a very singular one, and it acquired an odd effect from the swells of ground which rose gradually one beyond another towards the Lands-end. The face of the country is barren enough, and exhibits a bleakness peculiar to itself.—Towards Marazion the ground is in several places opened for mining.

About four miles from Marazion, and half an one from the high road, towards the coast,
lands

Cornwall. stands Pengerswick Castle, so called from
Pengerswick
Castle. the adjoining village. Hals (in his *Par. Antiq. of Cornwall*) informs us that “this barton and manor were purchased in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VIII. by a Mr. Milliton, who having slain a man, privately made that purchase in the name of his son, and immured himself in a secret chamber of the tower, seeing none but his trusty friends, so that he died without being called in question for the offence.*”—The Duke of Leeds is the present proprietor of the castle, of which a square stone tower, of three stories, with a smaller one annexed, and some fragments of walls are the only remains. The door, on the north side, is machicolated. The different apartments are now used as granaries and hay-lofts by some farmer in the neighbourhood, but the wainscoat, which is of oak, remains perfect. This wainscot is very curiously carved and painted, and there are several quaint

* See Grose's *Antiquities*, vol. 8, p. 44.

pieces of poetry inscribed on the pannels.—A *Cornwall.*
winding stone stair-case leads to the top of the
principal tower, which commands a good view
of the surrounding country.

A bold pile of granite rocks project from the
shore near Pengerfwick, and within reach of
the sea are covered with clusters of *Trochus*
crassus, besides some species of *Actinia* and *Aste-*
rias, not frequent on other parts of the coast.
The texture of the granite seemed closer than
any we had seen in the course of our journey.
The felspar is of a pinkish colour.—There is
an extremely hard, black schistose substance (a
sort of hornstone) which runs under some of
the granite. A similar species, with thin white
veins between the *laminæ*, may be traced about
St. Roche.

Our change of latitude began to be very
sensible, or at least we imagined so, for we ex-
perienced a peculiar softness and salubrity in
the air during our progress from Falmouth to

Cornwall. the Land's-end.—The heat of summer must certainly be assuaged by the constant currents of wind which come from so large a body of sea as surrounds the lower part of Cornwall;—and, as to the cold of winter, we were informed by many natives, it is never to be called intense. Thick ice is seldom seen at Marazion or Penzance. Notwithstanding rains are so frequent, I do not conceive that the air is rendered less fit for respiration, because it is never charged with exhalations from bogs, or stagnated waters. The putrid, sultry calms which we often experience in the interior parts of England are prevented in this country by the breezes from the south-west, which occasion a wholesome circulation in the air. Why then should not this climate be as beneficial to invalids as that which they are generally sent across the Channel to enjoy?——

“ In nimio nec stricta gelu nec fidere fervens,
“ Clementi cœlo, temperieque places,”

the words of an ancient poet when speaking of
the

the island at large may very properly be applied *Cornwall.*
to this county.

When we reached the hill above Marazion, one of the most singular and striking objects that occurred in the whole course of our tour presented itself—a huge pile of rocks starting out of the glassy waves of Mount's-bay with an air of uncommon grandeur, and supporting on the summit a venerable old building. This we immediately concluded to be St. Michael's Mount, and were impatient to view at a shorter distance, gazing and insensibly accelerating our pace towards Marazion.

MARAZION, or *Market-jeu* (as it is sometimes called) is situated partly on a declivity, and partly on a flat beach that extends to Penzance. It is sheltered by considerable elevation of ground to the north.—We found an inn most conveniently placed for a prospect of the Mount, which was only a quarter of a mile distant, and exactly opposite us. Never was

Marazion.

Cornwall. there a more beautiful spectacle!—the sea at this time surrounded the broad, craggy base of the Mount, the latter gradually diminishing in size towards the top, and most admirably terminated by the tower of a chapel, so as to form a complete pyramid. On the side opposite Marazion there are a few houses, which, with the vessels at the pier, served to improve the view.—From half ebb to half flood people may walk across from the town on a fine pebbly path, so that St. Michael's Mount is not always an island.* In the intermediate space are several detached masses of rock, some of them immensely large, and all composed of granite similar to that which we had seen at Pengerf-wick, and which appears also along the eastern

* A remarkable circumstance (Diodorus Siculus observes) happens with respect to the islands adjacent (*to Bolerium*) lying between Europe and Britain. At the time of high water the intermediate passage being filled (*or covered with water*) they appear islands, but at low water, when the sea recedes and leaves a great space dry, they assume the appearance of *peninsulæ*."

See book 5, p. 301, edit. Rhodom.



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S. Michaels Mount.

J. Allen del.

borders of the bay. It seemed to us as if the *Cornwall*.
stratum had been interrupted by sudden sub-
merſion in the ſea, of the violent intrusion of
which (at ſome remote period or other) ancient
writings and a very general tradition adduce
ſtrong testimony. Groſe (in his *Antiquities**)
quotes ſome records of an early date which go
ſo far as to ſpecify the very number of the
churches, and the nature of the lands ſwallowed
up. Tradition reports that the greater part of
Mount's-bay was once land, and from the old
name *Careg luz in leuz* (i. e. the hoary rock in
the wood), the mount itſelf ſeems to have been
once ſurrounded with wood. In confirmation
of this tradition, it is ſaid that a vaſt number of
trees have been waſhed on ſhore about Pen-
zance. Some were particularly obſerved in
the year 1757, and deſcribed in the *Philoso-*
phical Transactions.† Spear-heads alſo, battle-

* Vol. 8, p. 42.

† Vol. 50, p. 51.

Cornwall. axes, &c. have been found in the sand, (and, what is very singular,) these were wrapped in a sort of linen, as Borlase informs us.

It appears from a regular survey made in the reign of Edward I. that Cornwall measured 1,500,000 acres, whereas at present it does not contain more than 758,484,* so that a great portion of land must have been gained from this county by the sea within the last five centuries only.

St. Michael's
Mount.

The rock of which ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT is composed is entirely naked, and extremely steep and craggy. The height from low-water mark to the top of the chapel-tower is about two hundred and forty feet. In circumference, at the base, the mount measures about three quarters of a mile. It consists of a hard granite, in which transparent quartz is the preponderating substance.

* See Fraser's *Agricultural Survey of Cornwall*.

Before the invention of gunpowder St. Michael's Mount must have been impregnable, and it is strange that on this account it did not become a place of much greater importance as a fortress. The earliest period at which we find it was a fortified spot is in the reign of Richard I. when (according to Hoveden) it was seized by Henry de la Pomeroy. Carew, however, (in his *History of Cornwall*) tells the particulars of this proceeding in a very different manner from the former, on the authority of some of de la Pomeroy's descendants.*—In 1471, John

* "They affirme" (says he) "that a serjeant at armes of the kinges came to their ancestor at his castle at Berry-Pomeroy, in Devon, received kind entertaynment for certaine days together, and at his departure was gratified with a liberal reward; in counterchange whereof he then, and no sooner, revealing his long concealed errand, flatly arrested his hoste, to make his immediate appearance before the king for answering a capital crime, which unexpected and ill carried message the gentleman took in such despite as with his dagger he stabbed the messenger to the heart, and then well knowing in so superlative an offence all hope of pardon foreclosed, he abandons his home, gets to a sister of his abiding in this mount, bequeathed a large portion of lande to the religious people there for redeeming his soule; and lastly causeth himself to be let bloude unto death, for leaving the remainder to his heir. From this time forward this place continued rather a schoole of Mars than the temple of peace."

Book, 2, p. 155.

Cornwall. de Vere, Earl of Oxford, fortified himself here against Edward IV. and bravely defended the place for sometime.—Lady Catherine Gordon also, wife of Perkin Warbeck (now generally supposed to have been the Duke of York) took refuge on the mount, but was soon obliged to surrender to Lord Daubeney.—St. Michael's Mount appears to have been in its best state of fortification during the civil wars of Charles I.'s time, for Colonel Hammond (under whom the garrison, after a considerable resistance, was reduced) is said by the historians of that period to have undertaken a service of great difficulty and danger.—Some of the old works remain, but in a ruinous state, and the buildings have much more a monastic than a martial appearance. Indeed this rock was consecrated by superstition many ages ago, and its name in all probability originated from a supposed appearance of the angel St. Michael on it. William of Worcester, (who wrote his travels over England about the latter end of the fifteenth century,

ture,) asserts something of this sort,* and our *Cornwall.*
 great poet Milton must allude to a similar circumstance in the following passage of his
Lycidas:——

“ Or whether thou to our moist views deny’d
 “ Sleep’st by the fable of Bellerus† old,
 “ Where the *great vision of the guarded mount*
 “ Looks tow’rd Namancos and Bayona’s hold,
 “ Look homeward *angel* now, and melt with ruth
 “ And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.”‡

Spenser also makes mention of this spot in a manner which proves that it was universally hallowed by the devout:——

“ In evil hour thou lenst in hond
 “ Thus holy hills to blame
 “ For sacred unto faints they stond
 “ And of them han their name.
 “ St. Michael’s mount who does not know,
 “ That wards the western coast?”——

Shepherd’s Calendar, July, line 37.

* “ *Apparicio Sancti Michaelis in monte Tumba antea vocato Le Hore Rock in the wodd.*”

Itin. p, 102, edit. Cantab. 1778.

† Bellerus is said to have been a Cornish giant, from whom the Landsead, in the old authors, was called the promontory of *Bellerium*, or *Bolerium*.

‡ For a full commentary on this passage I must refer the reader to “ *Poems, &c. by Thomas Warton,*” whose remarks hereupon form a most beautiful specimen of regular and accurate criticism.

Cornwall.

The first account of a monastery here relates to a charter given to it by Edward the Confessor, on condition that the monks should observe the rules of St. Benedict. William the Conqueror constituted it a cell to the abbey of St. Michael *de periculo maris*, on the coast of Normandy (now indeed of the department *de la Manche*), to which situation this is said to be extremely similar. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Mount came into the possession of Humphrey Arundell. It belongs at present to Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart. who resides on it some months every year, and has rendered the old mansion extremely comfortable and commodious. The old taste is, in a great measure, retained, and very properly, as modern decorations would ill correspond with antique carving and sculpture, painted windows, &c. A number of curious figures, escutcheons, emblems, and cyphers occur in the different apartments. The chapel does not appear so ancient in the inside as without, but the stile is by no means of a late period. It is of the Gothic order,
and

and very spacious and lofty. A narrow stone *Cornwall.*
stair-case in one of the angles leads to the top
of the tower. The prospect hence is of so
grand a kind as to defy description, and is per-
haps as striking as any that can occur to "mor-
tal eye," at the same height. The immense ex-
tent of sea which it exhibits raises the most sub-
lime emotions; the waves of the British, Irish,
and Atlantic seas all roll within the compass of
the sight, and the union of the two latter is in-
terrupted only by the bold eminences about the
Land's-end. More under the feet Penzance is
distinctly seen—the scaffolding of the famous
Wherry-mine—and the hills eastward of the bay
uniting into a long rocky ridge.

In front of the house a strong battery has
been erected, which commands the western part
of the bay; the eastern is too shallow for the
entrance of large vessels.—As the monks en-
joyed certain profits from the fisheries, they
made a lantern for the guidance of the fisher-
men

Cornwall. men on one side of the tower, which is now vulgarly called *St. Michael's chair*.

It was to St. Michael's Mount that the Greek merchants traded for the Cornish tin, according to Diodorus, though by some the Isle of Wight has been considered as the *Ictis* of that historian. The latter idea is supported by the supposition that the isle was once a peninsula, otherwise indeed there cannot be the slightest reason for imagining that Diodorus's account is applicable to that spot. "Let us now" (he says) "make some mention of the tin produced in it (*Britain*). Those who live about a promontory of Britain called *Bolerium* are remarkably hospitable, and, on account of their intercourse with foreign merchants, courteous in their manners. They prepare the tin by properly working the ground that produces it. This (*ground*) being rocky contains earthy fissures, the produce whereof they purify by working and melting. When they have cut it into pieces in the form of dice, they carry it

to

to a certain island lying off (*the coast of*) Britain, called *Ietis*.* At the ebb of the sea, the intermediate space being dry, they carry thither a great quantity of tin in carts.”† Afterwards he informs us that “here the merchants buy it of the natives, and carry it into Gaul.”‡ Sir

Cornwall.

* It is a doubt with me whether the original word might not be *Ietin*, as being in all probability British, and having no connection with the accusative case of the Greek language.—It may be thought too fanciful, perhaps, to derive the word *tin*, under this idea, from the above name.

† “Νυν δε περι τε καὶ αὐτην Φυομενα κασσιτερα διεξιμεν, της γαρ βρεττανικης κατα το ακρωτηριον το καλεμενον βελεριον οι κατοικουντες φιλοξενοι τε διαφεροντως εισι, και δια την των ξενων εμπορων επιμιξίαν εξημερωμενοι τας αγωγας. Ουτοι τον κασσιτερον κατασκευαζουσι, φιλοτεχνιας εργαζομενοι την φερουσιν αυτον γην, αυτη δε πετρωδης ουσια διαφυεις εχει γεωδεις, εν αις τον πορον κατεργαζομενοι, και τηξαντες καθαιρουσιν αποτυπουντες δ’ εις αστραγαλων ρυθμους κομιζουσιν εις τινα νησον προκειμενην μεν της βρεττανικης ονομαζομενην δε ικτιν. Κατα γαρ τας αμπωτεις αναξηραινομενα τε μεταξυ τοπων ταις αμαξαις εις ταυτην κομιζουσ, δαψιλη τον κασσιτερον.”

Lib. 5, p. 301.

‡ “Εντευθεν δε οι εμποροι παρα των εγχωριων ανουνται, και διακομιζουσιν εις την γαλατιαν.”

Ibid.

Richard

Cornwall. Richard Worley (in his *History of the Isle of Wight*) and Mr. Warner (in his *Topographical Remarks on Hampshire*) urge several arguments to prove that there was once a passage similar to that alluded to by Diodorus from the coast near Lymington to the opposite part of the island; and yet Ptolemy, the geographer, who wrote but a short time after the historian, expressly calls it Νησος Ουνηλις, or *the Island of Vectis*. Besides, the Land's-end is universally allowed to be the *Bolerium*, or *Bellerium*, of the ancients, which renders Diodorus's description most unequivocally applicable, in my opinion, to St. Michael's Mount.*

St. Michael's Mount is so very remarkable a spot that I have been very minute in my description of it, but, lest I should be thought

* Mr. Polwhele (in his *Historical Views of Devonshire*) contends for St. Nicholas's isle, in Plymouth Sound, being the *Vectis*.

tedious, it may now be necessary to pass on.— *Cornwall.*

I must first mention my surprise, however, that *Tamarix Gallica*, a shrub to all appearance wild here, has not hitherto been arranged among the English plants. It grows (though not in a luxuriant state) in two or three crevices of the rocks,* and relieves by its delicate verdure the harsh uniformity of their surface. I have seen a solitary shrub of it on the bank of pebbles leading to Hurst Castle, in Hampshire, and have been informed that some specimens were gathered by Hudson on the coast of Lyme. As to climate, the tamarisk is as likely to be a native of the more southern part of England as of the opposite shores of France, where it is allowed to be indigenous.†

* Lodes of tin may be traced in the rocks of St. Michael's Mount, but they are quite thread-like, and would not answer if worked.

† Since these observations were written, Dr. Withering has inserted *Tamarix Gallica* in the new edition of his *Botanical Arrangements of British Plants*.

Cornwall.

Proceeding to Penzance we searched anxiously for *Santolina maritima*, *Eryngium campestre*, (field holly), and *Panicum Dactylon*, which have all three been found on the borders of Mount's bay. *Euphorbia Peplis* still retains the *habitat* recorded by Ray in his first catalogue. The bank of pebbles where it occurs is inhabited also by *E. Paralias* and many other plants of inferior rarity.—It is this bank of pebbles only that protects the road from the waves of the bay, which roll over a fine carpet of sand only a few paces distant from a sloping sweep of cultivated land.—We reluctantly entered the streets of Penzance without a solitary specimen of any one of our *desiderata*.

Wherry-mine.

We were impatient to see the WHERRY MINE (mentioned before) situated in the bay, about half a mile beyond Penzance. The opening of this mine was an astonishingly adventurous undertaking.—I have never heard of one similar to it in any other part of the world.—Imagine the descent into a mine through the sea;
the

Cornwall.

the miners working at the depth of seventeen fathoms only below the waves; the rod of a steam-engine extending from the shore to the shaft,—a distance of nearly one hundred and twenty fathoms; and a great number of men momentarily menaced with an inundation of the sea, which continually drains in no small quantity through the roof of the mine, and roars loud enough to be distinctly heard in it! the descent is by means of a rope tied round the thighs, and you are let down in a manner exactly the same as a bucket is into a well;—a well indeed it is, for the water is more than knee-deep in many parts of the mine. The upper part of the shaft resembles an immense iron chimney, elevated about twelve feet above the level of the sea, and a narrow platform leads to it from the beach: close to this is the engine-shaft, through which the water is brought up from below.—Tin is the principal produce of the Wherry-mine; it is found dispersed (in small, indurated, glass-like lumps, of a blackish colour) in a substance resembling the elvan of Polgooth, but

Cornwall. much more compact in texture, and of the nature of a porphyry. Some of the tin is found mixed with pyritous copper, which is in a quartzose *matrix*. A black, hard killas forms the upper *stratum* of the mine, and below it appears the substance mentioned before. The inclination of the lode is towards the north, about six feet in a fathom, and its breadth is thought to be no less than ten fathoms. The ore is extremely rich.

Penzance. PENZANCE is a large and populous town, surrounded by a well cultivated and beautiful tract of country. Notwithstanding its exposure to the sea, the corn, and particularly wheat, seemed to be in a remarkably thriving state.— The trade of this place consists chiefly in the exportation of pilchards and tin. There is a fine pier, along the eastern side of which vessels are very commodiously and safely anchored. The mildness of the air, the agreeableness of the situation, and the respectability of its inhabitants render Penzance particularly inviting to
resi-

residence; and, with regard to invalids, it may justly be considered as the *Montpelier* of England. It stands partly on a declivity, open to the sea, the Mount being a striking object as you look towards the opposite coast, and a delightful landscape extends around the whole of the bay. *Cornwall.*

Providing ourselves with a guide, we now started for the Land's-end.—Some Druidical monuments, St. Buryen's, and Castle Treryn were intermediate objects of our curiosity; the last is remote from any frequented road.

We had the mortification to find the circle of stones to which our guide conducted us very inferior in extent and grandeur to what we had been taught to expect. The appellation given to these stones by the vulgar is *the Merry Maidens*, on account of a whimsical tradition that they were no other than a circle of young women transformed into stone for dancing on a sabbath Druidical
stones at
Bolleit.

P 2

Cornwall. fabbath day. There are two stones (one about sixteen feet in height, the other about twenty,) in a field on the opposite side of the road; they seem to appertain to the circle, the proper name of which I guess, from Borlase's account, to be Bolleit. In the course of our journey, some time after having visited this part of the country, we were informed that the stones which we ought to have seen were at Boscawen-ûn, between St. Buryen's and Sancroed.

St. Buryen's. The country about ST. BURYEN'S is extremely insipid and uninteresting. We saw some pretty good fields of corn, but the soil in general is far from being fruitful.—The church-tower of the village is a conspicuous object to a very great distance, being situated on high ground, and the place is on this account much exposed to tempestuous winds from the ocean. Though now only a groupe of cottages, St. Buryen's was once a town of great note and the seat of a college of prebendaries. The
latter

Cornwall.

latter was founded by Athelstan after his return from the conquest of the Scilly islands.* In the church (dedicated to St. Buriana, a pious old Irish woman) are many curious relics of antiquity, and it is a spacious building. We noticed a singular monument, in the shape of a coffin, to the memory of Clarice, wife of Geoffrey de Bolleit, who in Henry III.'s time enjoyed a manor in this parish.—The doors of the pews, and even the seats themselves, have a good deal of rude ornament about them, and many are probably coeval with the foundation of the church. Opposite the great door (in the church-yard) stands a very ancient cross, on one side of which are five balls, and on the other is a rude figure representing our Saviour. Another cross, somewhat similar, faces the entrance into the church-yard:—The remains of the college are said to have been wantonly de-

* Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. 3, p. 7.

Cornwall. demolished in Cromwell's time by one Shrubhall, Governor of Pendennis Castle.

**Castle Tre-
ryn.** CASTLE TRERYN is supposed to have been an ancient British fortress, though, at first sight, it appears to be merely a shapeless pile of rocks, never arranged or touched but by the hands of nature. The situation was certainly never indebted to art for its strength, and all that human labour has effected is the piling of some loose masses of rock in the form of ramparts, of two or three of which there are traces, one above another. A considerable area is left between each, and the interior part must have been in early times almost impregnable. The foundation of the whole is a vast groupe of granite rocks, rising to a prodigious altitude, and projecting into the sea.—Our guide would scarcely allow us to pause and look around us before he summoned us to see the *Loggen-stone* (as it is called), climbing some of the barriers with great agility, and bawling to us to follow him to the “*greatest wonder in the whole country,*” as he was pleased

to

to stile it. This Loggen-stone proved to be *Cornwall.*
an immense mass of granite, perhaps more than
ninety tons in weight, and so exactly poised on
the top of one of the highest rocks that a child
might move it. It does not seem possible for
any *human* exertion to have raised it to so great
a height.—The precipice below us here was
so horribly steep that we could not help shud-
dering as we climbed, and so deep was the
roar of the billows between the chasms and
irregularities of the rocks, that our expressions
of astonishment to each other could scarcely
be heard.

It is supposed that *Loggen-stones* were made
use of by the Druids in their trials, and con-
trived to answer the purposes of an ordeal.
That at Castle Trerryn certainly seems to sup-
port the conjecture, for unless touched in one
particular point it is perfectly immoveable, and
therefore full as simple an engine of superstition
as the more modern plough-shares.

Cornwall. In the fissures of the rocks grow *Saxifraga stellaris*, and *Asplenium marinum*.

Treryn Cove (which is almost close to the castle) affords several of the rarer species of shells. *Patella pellicida* appeared in vast quantities; *P. Fissura* also, *Mytilus Modiolus*, *Trochus Conulus* and *Turbo Cimex* were frequent. *Turbo fasciatus* (of Pennant) covered the surrounding turf.—A fine ridge of granite forms one side of this cove; it is of a reddish cast, and intersected by broad veins of quartz and schoerl blended together, which run parallel to each other through the whole pile. The felspar is in very long flesh-coloured fragments.

In our way to the Land's-end, we found *Bartsia viscosa* growing in some moist ground to the left of the high road.

After crossing some rocks, which we at first conceived to be the final barriers to our progress westward, we came to the grand promontory

tory that projects into the Atlantic farther than *Cornwall*, any other part of the Cornish coast. This is the LAND'S-END—a very striking spot both on *Land's-end*. account of the vastness of the objects it presents, and the convulsed features of the surrounding country. There is a cavern underneath, and here the waves of the ocean burst and bellow with a tremendous fury. The huge detached piles of rocks lying just off the land must have once adjoined to it, and we may imagine the latter to have been once connected with the distant isles of Scilly. These isles, though nine leagues from us, were visible to the south-west, appearing like a cluster of cliffs, round which the Atlantic rolled in a mighty horizontal curve.—Just off the Land's-end, on a large rock called the *armed knight*, stands a light-house, the windows of which, though almost one hundred feet in height, have often been broken by the spray in a tempest!

The sea between Cornwall and the Scilly islands is said to be of an equal depth the whole way ;

Cornwall. way ; yet there are many rocks like those near the Land's-end, which are well known by fishermen, and which seem to be memorials of the abridgement of the main land. The islands themselves have been altered in their form and extent even since the time of Strabo, for we find that they were then only *ten* in number, whereas there are now *one hundred and forty*. One of them, called by the ancient geographers *Cassiteris insula*, is now divided into six, exclusive of the rocks and islets adjacent.—If we reflect on the position of Cornwall with regard to the ocean and to the bay of Biscay, it will appear that the extreme parts of the county must be much exposed to those currents which have so often been fatal to our fleets, and which, I think, may be ranked among the causes that have contributed to the submerfion of so much land. Major Rennel (who has published some observations of great importance on the subject of these currents,) ascribes them to the prevalence of westerly winds in the Atlantic, which impel the waters along the north coast of Spain, and
accu-

accumulate them in the bay of Biscay, whence *Cornwall.* they are projected, in a north-west direction, along the coast of France towards Ireland.

The rocks at the Land's-end, and in most parts of this district of Cornwall, consist of a very close species of granite, that takes a good polish and is applied to a variety of useful purposes. It is that to which the Cornish name of *moorstone** seems more immediately applicable, forming not only the *basis*, as it were, of that part of the county west of Penzance and St. Ives, but of a chain of mountains that may be traced, in a direction nearly east by north, to Dartmoor, in Devonshire. The method of splitting it is by applying several wedges to holes cut (*or pooled*) in the surface of the stone at the distance of three or four inches from each other, according to its

* Da Costa describes this species as "*Granita albissima, micis magnis nigris argenteisque notata.*" (Nat. Hist. of Foss. p. 273.) The quartz is in a transparent sparry form and the felspar in long milk-white fragments. There is also some schoerl.—In Ireland and in the vicinity of Hudson's bay a similar sort of granite prevails.

Cornwall. size and supposed hardness. The harder the mass, the easier it may be cut into the required form; the softer, the less regularly it separates.—We saw some pieces, used for posts instead of wood, fourteen or fifteen feet in length, and not more than six inches thick.

We had now completed our survey of the southern coast,—Our attention was hereafter to be turned to the mining country, in the vicinity of the northern shore, so that St. Ives, Camborne, Redruth, and St. Agnes seemed to mark out the line of our route.—Unwilling to lose the vast expanse of the Atlantic, however, we continued our course along the margin of the land, which in the novelty and wildness of its aspect afforded enough to interest us, exclusive of the rude relics of early antiquity that lie scattered on all sides.

At the extremity of a high ridge, overlooking the surfy recess of White-sand bay, stand the
Chapel
Karn-breh. lonely ruins of Chapel KARN-BREH. They
scarcely

scarcely form the skeleton of the original building, which appears to have been a chantry, erected for the same purpose as several others on our coast—the performance of religious service for the safety of mariners. *Cornwall.*

Leaving the chapel on the left, we came to ST. JUST,* a sad, dismal place, situated in a most inhospitable and cheerless corner of the county. There are some remains of an ancient amphitheatre in this parish, but either from being remote from our road, or indistinct in their form, they did not fall under our observation. *St. Just.*

With a rugged, barren ridge of moorstone hills on the right, and the sea at no great distance on the left, the road to St. Ives passes near numerous pits and deserted shafts of mines,

* In most of the old Cornish names of places, an *u* is pronounced like our *oo* (as in the Italian): thus *St. Just* is sounded as *St. Joost*, and *Chun* like *Choon*.

which

Cornwall. which render a journey over this part of the county by night extremely dangerous. The moorstone lies dispersed in detached blocks, many of them huge enough for another *Stonehenge*. Scarcely a shrub appears to diversify the prospect, and the only living beings that inhabit the mountainous parts are the goats which browse their scanty herbage.

From observing the pits, (called in Cornwall *coffens*) I imagine the ancient miners must have opened the ground to obtain tin in the same manner as we do stone-quarries.—Whether the Phenicians, or Greeks, who traded to Cornwall, interested themselves in the digging of mines it is not easy to determine, but there can be no doubt that the Romans did, and that the Britons were much instructed in the mining art by that people.—The produce of the Cornish mines has been very variable. In the time of King John they yielded but a trifling emolument, the right of working being then wholly in the sovereign as Earl of Cornwall, and Jews farmed them for
an

an hundred marks. When Richard, King of *Cornwall*, the Romans, had the earldom, the tin-mines became extremely rich, and the Spanish ones being stopped by the Moors, and none discovered in Germany, the Malabar coast, or the Spanish West-Indies, Cornwall supplied all Europe. The Jews being banished from the kingdom in the reign of Edward I. they were again neglected, until a charter was obtained from Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, son of Richard, King of the Romans. This charter seems to have been the first that traced out a sort of regular constitution for the stannaries, and by it very considerable privileges and immunities became the inheritance of the Cornish tanners, who were now stimulated by a spirit of speculation to commence numerous adventures. The mines henceforward became more and more productive, and of late have yielded a profit from one hundred and eighty thousand pounds to two hundred thousand pounds *per annum*, though in the last century, it appears by Carew's *Survey*, forty thousand pounds were the *utmost* annual produce.

Cornwall. produce. The Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, receives about ten thousand pounds yearly as his duty; and the bounders or proprietors of the soil are supposed to gain about one sixth at a medium clear, or about thirty thousand pounds. But to return——

Castle
Chûn.

We went about two miles out of the high road, to the right, to view CASTLE CHUN, and a large cromlech near it called the *Giant's-coit*. —The former is a specimen of rude military architecture, and, if not the work of the Britons, must at least be ascribed to a very early period. It occupied a considerable space, but, though the plan may be soon traced, it appears at first to consist of unmeaning heaps of stones. There seem to have been two regular *ballia*, or wards, and the ramparts are of a circular form, corresponding in some degree to the nature of the eminence on which they are situated. Borlase supposes this castle to have been the work of the Danes. Karnijek and Boscajel Castles, which

which are also in this part of the county, are attributed by that author to the same people. *Cornwall.*

The GIANT'S COIT consists of four stones, Giant's Coit. the upper one (which is very ponderous) resting on the other three. These last are not placed erect, but inclined considerably.

There has been some doubt and dispute respecting the use of *cromlechs*.* As they are known to abound in almost every country where the Celts established themselves, I think it cannot well be questioned whether they are of Celtic origin. It has been a general idea that they were intended for altars, but the improbability of this struck me immediately after viewing the *Giant's Coit*. The upper stone is so very gibbous that no one could stand on it (nor, if he could, are there traces of any steps by which to ascend it) to overlook the fire, or the

* *Cromlech*, in the Cornish language, signifies a *crooked stone*.

Cornwall. consumption of the victim. Why should we suppose a cromlech to be any thing more than a sepulchral memorial? Mr. Wright actually found a skeleton deposited under one of them in Ireland, and the burial place of Harold, King of Denmark, is said to be marked by the same species of monument. Tombs of modern times are not altogether unlike the former in their construction, though by no means so large, and as they have been in use from a remote period, their form was doubtless derived from a very ancient model.

In the midst of mines, and open to a very fine bay bounded by bold rocks of black killas,
St. Ives. stands the town of ST. IVES, a populous seaport and borough. The harbour, however, is in many places choaked up with sand, brought by north-west winds; the other ports on this coast suffer the same inconvenience. Pilchards and slate are the principal articles of exportation, the former being in most seasons very plentiful in the bay. At the time of large draughts

draughts it is usual for all the inhabitants to Cornwall. contribute their assistance ;—shops are deserted, and, if it should be Sunday, even the churches. The stench arising from the stores, and from the putrid *rejetamenta* lying about the town, is to strangers almost intolerable.

On the rocks about the shore we met with *Helix maculosa*. This shell, from not having been noticed in England before, may be considered as one of the rarest species ; it is also one of the most elegant. In form and colour it approaches so nearly to the common snail of our downs (*H. ericetorum* ? of Gmelin) that it is very likely to be confounded with it, but the size will be found to be considerably larger.

The mines in the neighbourhood of St. Ives are numerous, and produce both tin and copper. In one of them an antimonial ore of copper, called by the Germans *kupfer fahlertz*, is found.

Cornwall.

The day after our arrival at St. Ives, we set out to visit the large smelting-houses at Hale, and the neighbouring copper-mills, at which places we were attended by the captain of one of the Camborne mines, from whom we received every degree of information, through the kind recommendation of the Reverend William Tremayne. To this gentleman we are indebted for many marks of attention and the great readiness of communication that we experienced in the mining part of this county.

Hale.

HALE, or Heyl, is situated on the eastern side of the river of the same name, which rises near Crowan, and falls into St. Ives bay about three miles from that town. This river is navigable below St. Erth, spreading an area of sand nearly half a mile wide at a medium, and more than two miles long. Near the church of Phillack, there is a branch of the haven which admits ships of some burthen at the height of a spring tide, but the bed of it has been so much raised by the sand from the sea that the tide enters

ters only fix hours in the twelve. Not far from *Cornwall*.
Lelant the Heyl is fordable, at particular hours of the day. I ought to mention, however, that, as some of the sands are quick, it is not prudent to cross without the assistance of a guide.—A great trade is carried on at Hale, especially in iron and Welch coal* for the steam-engines and smelting-houses, Bristol wares, and limestone from Glamorganshire.—None of the latter substance, as far as I can discover, is found west of the Tamar, except at Mount-Edgcumbe, so that they are obliged to fetch materials for their mortar almost entirely from Wales.—The coal is conveyed to its places of destination on horses' backs. A prodigious number of these animals therefore travel together in this part of the county, which from its rocky and mountainous nature is not easy to be traversed by carts or waggons. In some parts of *Devonshire*, in-

* Cornwall is exempted from the payment of any duties on coal, so far as the latter is used for mines and founderies.

Cornwall. deed, these *species* of conveyance are as frequent, and troops of horses are seen carrying wood, fuel, &c. from one place to another. Some of them appear like moving coppices at a distance, being so covered with boughs and branches of trees that they are scarcely able to see their way. In narrow lanes we were often much incommoded by these uncereemonious travellers.

The smelting-houses of Hale are chiefly for the copper brought from the Camborne and Gwennap mines. They are built with square masses of the *scoria*, which is cast into moulds for that purpose as soon as it comes out of the furnaces. The latter are all reverberators, and those which are used for the process of roasting contain about three tons and an half of ore (reduced to small pieces) at a time. After the ore has been roasted twelve hours it is removed into a smaller furnace, when it is melted by the aid of a certain portion in a crude state, slacked lime, and occasionally a quantity of powdered coal. The *scoria* is removed once in
three

three or four hours, and the same quantity of the mixture added. In the course of twelve hours it is let out, by a trough from a hole towards the bottom of the furnace, into a tub of wood sunk into a pit full of water, by which it is reduced into small grains. This granulated matt is then roasted in a third furnace, and afterwards removed to a fourth, in which it is again roasted, and at length run into quadrangular moulds. It is not yet, however, *refined*, but must pass through further roasting and melting until the refiner has ascertained by the following means whether it is in a proper state for being finally laded off. He takes out about half a pound of the liquid metal, which he immediately immerses in water, and afterwards hammers and cuts it to examine the grain. When it is arrived at the proper degree of refinement, the *scoria* is carefully removed, and, by the help of ladles done over with clay, the metal is poured into oblong iron moulds, similarly coated, containing about one hundred and fifty pounds. The above operations generally

Cornwall.

Cornwall. occupy almost a fortnight, in the course of which time, with sixteen furnaces and about one hundred and fifty men, the smelting-houses at Hale afford often twenty-four hundred weight of copper. The refining furnace will hold no less than three thousand two hundred pounds of metal.

I ought to observe that most copper ores contain some iron; those with variegated colours, and generally such as are mineralized by sulphur contain the most, whilst the blue and green are often free from any ferrugineous mixture. During the operation of smelting the latter rises to the surface of the mass, so that it is easily separated. The specific gravity of iron, it will be recollected, is considerably less than that of copper, the latter being 8,876, whereas the former is only 7,800. It is remarkable that tin, in the state of ore, is heavier than either, though in its purity it is the lightest of all the metals.

Nothing

Cornwall.

Nothing can be more shocking than the appearance which the work-men in the smelting-houses exhibit. So dreadfully deleterious are the fumes of arsenic constantly impregnating the air of these places, and so profuse is the perspiration occasioned by the heat of the furnaces, that those who have been employed at them but a few months become most emaciated figures, and in the course of a few years are generally laid in their graves. Some of the poor wretches who were lading the liquid metal from the furnaces to the moulds looked more like walking corpses than living beings. How melancholy a circumstance to reflect upon, and yet to how few does it occur, that in preparing the materials of those numerous utensils which we are taught to consider as indispensable in our kitchens, several of our fellow creatures are daily deprived of the greatest blessing of life, and too seldom obtain relief but in losing life itself!

About three miles from Hale, higher up the
river,

Cornwall. river, are the copper-mills, or *pounding-houses* as they are more frequently called.—Blocks, or bars, of copper are here reduced into flat sheets of any thickness, by being heated by the reverberation of flame in a furnace constructed for the purpose, and then immediately applied between large iron rollers turned by a water wheel. The rollers may be brought nearer together, after every operation, until the metallic sheet is rendered sufficiently thin. It is cut straight at the edges by means of strong shears, which are kept in motion by a machine. The operation of hammering also is carried on by the rotation of wheels. All the machines are turned by a single, inconsiderable stream, which in Cornwall every one knows how to turn to the greatest advantage.

Most of the Cornish copper is sold to companies in Wales and at Bristol, whose agents reside in different parts of the county. It is supposed that no less than forty thousand tons of ore are yielded by the mines in this county in a year,

year, the value of which quantity (reckoning the metal obtained from it at eight pounds per ton) may be stated at one hundred and forty thousand pounds.* *Cornwall.*

The country around Hale is entirely covered with sand, which is blown about by every blast, and renders its appearance truly dismal. The immense volumes of smoke that roll over it, proceeding from the copper houses, encrease its cheerless effect, whilst the hollow jarring of the distant steam-engines remind us of the labours of the Cyclops in the entrails of Mount *Ætna.*

Between Hale and Redruth there is a regular line of copper-mines, which seem to be the richest in *Cornwall.* HUEL†-GONS, near Huel-Gons.

* This statement is given by Jars (in his *Voyage Mineralogique*) and confirmed by Klaproth (in his *Observations on the Mines of Cornwall.*) See also Frazer's *Agricultural Survey of Cornwall.*

† *Huel* (pronounced by the Cornishmen *whele*) is an old Cornish word signifying a *pit* or hole.

Camborne,

Cornwall. Camborne, is perhaps one of the *deepest* in the county, being one hundred and forty fathoms below the surface of the ground. The idea of descending into the bowels of the earth more than twice as deep as Salisbury Cathedral is high seems certainly to carry with it something terrific, but the labour of *ascending* so many ladders is more formidable still——

—“ Revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
“ Hoc opus, hic labor est.”——

The ore of this mine is of the yellow kind, and very rich. The lode is from ten to twelve feet wide; in some places, indeed, it does not measure more than one foot. They raise about eighty or one hundred tons of ore per month, one hundred and fifty men and boys being employed, above and under ground, at a time.

At a short distance eastward from Huel-Gons
Dolcooth. lies DOLCOOTH, which besides copper has yielded cobalt to the amount of several tons. The *matrix* of the ore, as in the former, is quartz accompanied sometimes by chlorite and killas.

The

The depth of the engine-shaft is one hundred *Cornwall* and seventy-four fathoms.

We now come to the famous copper-mine called COOK'S-KITCHEN, which employs an *Cook's-kitchen* amazing number of hands, and yields an immense profit. The manor belongs to the Basset family; whose portion is one sixth. Its most productive ore is the solid grey kind; yellow, variegated, and blistered sorts are also found. Some of the solid grey is worth thirty pounds per ton, and it often affords almost ninety *per cent.* of copper, the remainder being sulphur, with a little iron and arsenic.—From three hundred to three hundred and fifty tons of ore have been raised here in a month, and within the last ten years this mine has yielded a profit of one hundred thousand pounds, exclusive of the lord's portion and all other expences whatever. Numerous lodes are worked, some of which have granite and others killas for their *matrix*. The depth of the steam-engine shaft (which is on the south or *Dunkin's* lode) is one hundred

Cornwall. hundred and forty-five fathoms. There is a water-engine shaft, on the great north lode, only one hundred and ten fathoms deep. Of the three overshot wheels, two are above ground, one of them being forty-two feet and the other forty-eight in diameter; the third is underground, and measures fifty-four feet in diameter. No less than three hundred and forty persons are employed; and, in short, the attendance and apparatus at Cook's-kitchen render it perhaps one of the most remarkable mines in the world.

The various processes of mining furnish employment for women and children as well as men.* Those who work below are retained about six hours in the twenty-four, the mines not being deserted either by night or day.—Most of the miners have a wretched, emaciated

* The number of men, women, and children employed in the mining affairs (exclusive of the stream-works) in this county is estimated at sixteen thousand.

appearance, for they suffer from dampness, impurity of air, heat, and numerous other causes, though in Cornwall they are subjected to the fatal effects of *choak-damps* less than in any other mining countries. From the enquiries we made among these miners, the most *general* inconvenience experienced with regard to their bodily health is a tightness and constant uneasiness of the *thorax*.

A substance called *iron stone* prevails in the mines about Camborne. This rock is inconceivably hard, and will yield with difficulty to any of their tools. A good deal of it appears on the surface, and consists principally of quartz and *schoerl*, though the upper *stratum* of the country is chiefly *killas*. Below both lies granite, a ridge of which runs to the right of the above mentioned mines, and is apparently a continuation of the same that extends from the Land's-end towards St. Ives. It is remarkable that almost all the lodes north of this ridge are parallel to its course, but they do not all dip

Cornwall. dip in the same direction. Most of them dip to the south, from sixteen inches to two feet in a fathom. *Tincroft.* TINCROFT is the last, or easternmost mine of this range, and the principal lode is probably only a continuation of one of those in Cook's-kitchen, the ore being the same. The steam-engine (the shaft of which is not more than eighty-one fathoms from the surface of the ground) we found to be on Hornblower's principle.

A little south-west from Redruth the ridge abruptly terminates, and just at the extremity of it, surrounded by rock-basins, altars, cromlechs, and other druidical relics, stands CASTLE KARN-BREH. The foundation of this building is laid on a rude heap of rocks, which not being all contiguous, arches are turned over the cavities. One part of it is supposed to have been British work; the other is certainly modern, and, from the stile, must have been added to the former merely as a sort of prospect-house. The ancient part is pierced with loop-holes, but
the



1790-1800

The B. & W. Engraving del.

the other has Gothic windows. A flight of steps lead to the door, which is not in the old walls, nor is it easy to discover how far the latter extended. There were formerly some out-works to the north-west. This building appears to have consisted originally of three stories, but the lowermost only is kept in repair. It commands a vast horizon, and the prospect has at the same time a very peculiar complexion. The bold and stupendous druidical monuments which lie scattered on all sides; the silence and desolation of the spot; and, above all, the awful vestiges of convulsion which the hills exhibit, immense detached masses of granite appearing about to roll down their declivities, awaken sublime ideas in a spectator;——

“—— annis solvit sublapſa vetuſtas

“Fertur in abruptum magnus mons.”——

Karn-breh was evidently once a great place of Druidical worship, and from the numerous coins, celts, &c. of remote antiquity, that have been found here, one may conjecture that it

Cornwall. was of great note with the early inhabitants of our island.

Redruth. The town of REDRUTH is situated in the very heart of the mining country, and of course occupies a bleak, exposed spot. We found nothing interesting to us here, except an extensive collection of minerals (all the produce of Cornwall) belonging to a dealer of the name of Moses Jacob, an *Israelite*.—The day that succeeded our arrival was allotted to the survey of a noted cluster of mines near Gwennap, where, by means of our letters of introduction, we received the utmost civility and attention.

Gwennap mines. The GWENNAP MINES are to the south-east of Redruth, and to the right of the high-road to Truro.—Tin, copper, and lead run in rich courses through this part of the county, and lodes of different metals in some places intersect each other. It has been remarked that the courses in general, both of tin and copper, run in a direction nearly from east to west, and underlie

Cornwall.

derlie towards the north. Some, however, are inclined to the south, but very few have a different direction from the above. Hence it appears that the metallic veins in Cornwall obey the course of the granite mountains, and run very nearly parallel to them.—The country of the Gwennap mines is mostly granite, with killas above on the surface. There is a decomposing variety of the latter substance which occurs hereabout, and is called *flukan*. It is of a white colour, very soft, and crumbles almost into powder between the fingers.—Here also a substance called *goffan* abounds, which is always looked upon by the miners as indicative of a rich vein at no great distance. This is of a reddish or yellowish brown colour, amorphous, and composed chiefly of oxyde of iron mixed with argillaceous and other particles. The brown tungsten analyzed by Klaproth, and described by Kirwan (vol. 1, p. 132) as *goffan*, is a very different substance; but, as the Cornish miners are so indiscriminate in the application of terms, it is probable enough that they may

Cornwall. sometimes call an ore of wolfram by this name. The principal of the Gwennap mines are Huel-Virgin, Caharrack, and Poldice. The first of these is one hundred and sixty fathoms in depth, and has yielded a considerable quantity of native copper. In the month of March only, 1785, there were extracted no less than one thousand four hundred tons from this mine, as Klaproth informs us. The metal is found in a sort of arborescent form, interspersed with quartz, on which I have frequently observed distinct impressions of the former. Gossan accompanies most of the veins.—CAHARRACK, lying contiguous to Huel-Virgin, produces crystallized* red vitreous copper-ore (though at present only in very small quantities) and some varieties of the *olivenertz*, or arseniate of copper. Native copper too is found here.—Klaproth mentions that *asphaltum* has been found in this mine, and at the depth of ninety yards.—All

* The crystals are of an octohedral shape.

Cornwall.

the above substances have a decayed granite for their *matrix*.—The blue carbonate of copper, or *cæruleum montanum*, as also the green sort, called *malachite*, is produced both in a loose and in an indurated form in the two mines above mentioned.—POLDICE is one of the oldest mines in Cornwall, and yields yellowish copper ore, a rosin tin, and a good deal of *galena*. A whitish grey copper, crystallized in triangular and quadrangular pyramids with truncated points, is found with the solid sort. Both of them are to be ranked among the sulphurated ores.—The tin crystals* resemble garnets, being of a blackish brown colour (which is occasioned probably by the iron they contain), but are easily known from the former by their weight. Their *matrix* is a heavy greyish brown stone, generally called *tin-stone*, which consists almost entirely of calciform tin.

Poldice.

* Some of these crystals are hexahedral and others tetrahedral pyramids; the latter are by far the rarest.

Cornwall. At HUEL-UNITY a mineral very rare in Huel-Unity. other countries, viz. black fuliginous copper-ore, is found. Not far from the Gwennap mines is Huel-Jewell. HUEL-JEWELL, famous for producing tin crystals in a substance called by the miners *growan*, which is nothing more than a granite consisting of transparent, glassy quartz, a small portion of decomposing felspar, and silvery mica partly in a decayed state. The crystals are rosin-coloured, and in the shape of tetrahedral pyramids, being scattered, as well as some wolfram, throughout the mass. This curious mineral is now become extremely scarce. In Huel-Jewell they find also red transparent copper ore, in octohedral crystals.

At Pengreep the best cobalt in England has been dug.—Other cobalt mines are Huel-Trugo near St. Columb, Dudnan's in Illogan parish, and near Pons-nooth.

North
Downs.

Crossing the NORTH-DOWNS in our way to St. Agnes, we visited a remarkable copper-mine,

mine, in which the lode is *heaved*, or *started*, as *Cornwall*. the miners express themselves. They mean that the course of the ore is suddenly interrupted, but recoverable again by sinking deeper, when another portion of it will occur, running parallel to the first; and thus a lode may be found broken into numerous courses (which seem to have been formed by sinking one below the other) and yet all maintaining exactly the same direction. There is generally a vein of some particular substance that runs perpendicular to the course, and communicates with the separated portions of the lode; this is called the *cross-course*. In the above mine the cross-course consists of a pellucid quartz, of a curious radiated texture, interspersed with some few particles of copper-ore. The country is a *kil-las*, that breaks into regular *laminæ* of an alternate red and white colour. The *matrix* of the ore is a hard, black, compound stone, which they call a *caple*.—The North-Down mines (and these are nine in number) occupy an extent of ground about two miles in length and

Cornwall. one mile in breadth, lying to the *left* of the high road to Truro. One adit runs through all the mines both on the North-downs and in Gwennap parish, being nearly ten miles in length. There is only one *tin*-mine among the former. The country is wholly killas, and the ore principally the yellow fort, the best of which is worth about twelve pounds per ton. The copper lodes here dip generally to the north, but the tin lodes to the south.

St. Agnes. ST. AGNES is situated on the north coast, surrounded by several rich tin-mines. It cannot be considered as a port, for, though a quay has been more than once erected for the accommodation of vessels, the violence of the sea has always soon demolished it; and the harbour is choaked up with sand.—We were much struck with the majestic boldness of this shore ;——

“ Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes ; ”——

guarded by immense rocks of killas, it seems to defy the impetuosity of the sea itself. On the
left

Cornwall.

left is a remarkable eminence called *St. Agnes' beacon*, five hundred feet above the level of the water. The stratification of this mountain deserves particular mention, and the following is the account given of it by Borlase.* “Upon digging (says he) a vegetable soil and rubble appeared for five feet from the top; a fine sort of white and yellow clay six feet; a layer of sand of the same nature as that on the shore six feet; beneath this a layer of smooth, rounded pebbles; next, four feet of a white, stony rubble and earth (*probably quartz*), and then the firm rock (*killas*) in which the tin-lodes shape their course.” These tin lodes may be traced distinctly on the side of the rocks towards the sea, and I do not know any other instance, in the county, of *killas* constituting the immediate *matrix* of this ore. The fissures are in general extremely small and thread-like, and the *killas* which they pervade is a bluish grey species, of a

* Natural History of Cornwall, p. 76.

Cornwall. pretty compact texture. There are stream-works of tin on the beach, and two large mines not far distant; in one of the latter called *Huel-rock*, the sulphurated ore discovered by Raspe was dug. The lode was at first nine feet wide, and appeared about twenty yards only beneath the surface of the ground.*—At Trevannance and Seal-hole, in this parish, the crystals of tin are octohedral, being quadrangular pyramids joined by their bases. I have seen some in quadrangular prisms terminated by pyramids of the same number of sides, but these are very rare.

We had now inspected the productions of the most remarkable mines in Cornwall, and the principal facts that fell under our observation relative to them are interspersed in the pre-

* Klaproth found this ore to contain, out of one hundred and nineteen grains, thirty of pure sulphur, forty-one of tin, forty-three of copper, two of iron, and three of the stony matrix.—Raspe proposed to call it *bell metal ore*. It is similar in colour to the grey copper ore, lamellar in texture, and extremely brittle. See *Magellan's Cronstedt*, vol. 2, p. 636.

ceding pages. There are some general remarks, *Cornwall.* however, which yet remain to be mentioned, but result in a great degree from what has been already said.—With regard to *tin*, it appears that the most common state in which it is here found is the calciform, the greater quantity of ore being indurated or glass-like;—that its most prevalent *matrix* is either an argillaceous or a siliceous substance, or a stone compounded of both (called by the miners *caple*), none of the calcareous *genus** ever appearing contiguous to the ore except the fluors;—and that the oxydes of iron and arsenic are those with which the tin is most frequently blended.—Copper lodes lie deeper than those of tin, and the richer ones are

* Some time ago the *schiefer spar* (of Werner) was found in one of the tin-lodes, in Polgooth mine; it was remarked, however, that from the period of the discovery the lode ceased to be productive of ore.—Calcareous substances are very scarce in Cornwall, and I was not a little surprised to hear that the *schiefer-spar* (which is one of the scarcest species, and had never been before found but at Koningberg, in Norway, and in Saxony,) was a native of this county. I am informed that the Rev. Mr. Hennah, of St. Austle, is in possession of a crystallized variety with erect hexagonal plates.—Signor Sevaresi and Mr. Hatchett are the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for the addition of the *schiefer spar* to the list of English minerals.

Cornwall. in general accompanied in their course by *gossan*. The ores of this metal are mostly of the pyritous, and sulphurated sort, with more or less arsenic, and have a variety of *matrices*, though rarely killas, or calcareous substances.—The lodes both of tin and copper appear most frequently to have granite for their country, and to make an angle from 60° to 76° with the horizon.

Huel-Mexico.

The only silver-mine in this county is HUEL-MEXICO, situated to the left of the road leading from St. Agnes to St. Michael, and not far from the sea, the sand of which covers all the adjacent country. The rocks on the coast, quite from St. Ives, seem to consist chiefly of killas, which, with nodules of quartz, is the prevailing substance in the mine.—*Luna cornea*, or *horn* silver ore, has been found here, though in very small quantities, and consequently specimens of it yield a high price.* A good deal of

* It is of a yellowish-green colour, and is found in small specks consisting of minute cubic crystals.

silver,

silver, however, has been procured from Huel-
Mexico; some masses of the ore, we were in-
formed, have produced as much as half their
weight of it. The *matrix* is an ochraceous
iron-ore, and the yellow oxyde covers the
whole of the mine.—I conceived at first that
the silver might be afforded by a decomposed
galena, but could not find any appearance of
lead upon examination of the lode. The course
of the latter is almost perpendicular to the hori-
zon, in a direction from north to south. It is
about ten years since the mine was first worked,
and the depth is now nearly twenty-four
fathoms. I found it very dangerous to des-
cend, on account of the ladders continuing
quite strait to the bottom, and there being no
resting place except a niche cut on one side in
the earth.* Should one unfortunately miss

Cornwall.

* Most of the ladder-shafts in Cornwall have what are called *landing-places*:—that is, the ladders do not often extend more than five or six fathoms in depth before you can stand, or perhaps walk some way, safe on your legs, and then proceed to another course.

Cornwall. one's hold of the ladder in this shaft, there is nothing to prevent a fall to the very floor of the mine.

Enriched with a few specimens of the productions of Huel-Mexico, we passed over a
St. Michael. dismal country to ST. MICHAEL, or (as it is vulgarly called) *Mitchell*. Though a borough, this is a sad, mean place, and did not offer any thing worthy of notice.—It cannot boast even of a church.

St. Columb. ST. COLUMB (which is also a borough) has the advantage of a decent, paved street, and is a church-town, but not more likely to detain a traveller than St. Michael. There are some stream-works in the neighbourhood, which produce the *wood-tin*. The soil seems encouraging to cultivation in some spots, but towards St. Roche a wild, extensive heath spreads itself, and the road to Bodmin presents a barren scene until it approaches pretty near to that place,
when

when it becomes bordered (and not sparingly) *Cornwall.*
with wood.

BODMIN is screened on all sides by rising *Bodmin.*
ground, and was invisible to us until we were
almost in the streets. It must have been for-
merly a very flourishing, extensive place, and
was famous for its manufactories. Indeed it is
still a large town, and has one fine, wide street,
inferior to none in the county. A manufactory
of yarn too continues, but is said to be much on
the decline. The assizes are holden here once
in the year, and the county-gaol, built very
lately, stands in a healthy spot just without the
town. This building is laid out nearly on the
plan recommended by Mr. Howard, and struck
us as a model for all places of confinement. A
little to the east we observed some ruinous walls,
which are said to be the remains of a hospital for
lepers, dedicated to St. Lazarus.—The church
of Bodmin is very spacious, and a venerable old
pile. Before the see was removed to St. Ger-
main's this was the Cathedral of the diocese,
and

Cornwall. and it belonged, as the conventual church, to the adjoining monastery of St. Petroc. Its spire was blown down by a violent hurricane in the year 1699. The monastery belonged originally to Benedictines, but being plundered by the Danes in 981, and the Monks dispersed, its revenues were enjoyed principally by the Earl of Morton and Cornwall, and afterwards devolved to the crown.* A little before the dissolution, however, we find that a prior and canons possessed the monastery.—In the church-yard there appear to be some remains of the priory.

A botanist visiting this part of the country should be reminded that one of our *plantæ rarissimæ*, viz. *Ligusticum Cornubiense*, inhabits the skirts of a wood about a mile north from Bodmin. Unfortunately I did not hear that it was so much within my reach, or indeed that it had been found *any where* within late years, until

* See Steevens's Dugdale, vol. 1, p. 31.

we had finished our tour; when I was accidentally informed by Sir Thomas Geary Cullum, Bart. (a gentleman eminently distinguished for his zeal in the walks of Natural History) that he had discovered it here. *Cornwall.*

From Bodmin we returned to the northern coast, passing through Wadebridge and Camelford, and making our first day's journey in that direction conclude at the latter, which was the only place in that part of the county where we could expect accommodation. Between Bodmin and Wadebridge the country is somewhat varied, and there is a vale pleasingly wooded, and (what is not very common in Cornwall) interspersed with orchards; but as we approach Camelford, the prospect ceases to be in the least interesting, except on account of its wildness, and perhaps is more insipid than in any part we had visited. As to the soil it now becomes schistose. The same sort of argillaceous slate that abounds on the southern coast between St. Germain's and Fowey shews itself also on the

Cornwall. northern, killas forming the intermediate *stratum* between it and the granite.—There are quarries* to the left of the Camelford road that produce an excellent slate for roofs, equal perhaps to any in the kingdom. This species is of a peculiar texture; when struck it will sound almost as clear as a piece of metal, and splits into flakes, or *laminæ*, sometimes large enough to make grave-stones. Its colour is a greyish blue. The best (or *bottom stone*, as it is called) is dug at the depth of thirty fathoms or more, the upper part of the quarries producing none that is good for much, the *laminæ* being short and of unequal thickness. The rough masses are raised from their beds by wedges, driven by bars of iron, and they are split by means of a strong, broad chisel, and a mallet.†

Wadebridge. WADEBRIDGE and CAMELFORD are both
Camelford.

* Called *Denyball* slate-quarries.

† The best slate from the above quarries is sold for about two pounds
per ton.

Cornwall.

inconsiderable places, and with regard to the situation of the latter none can possibly be more dismal.—The river Camel makes a long circuit before it arrives at Wadebridge, (where it is crossed by a fine bridge of seventeen arches), and empties itself into Padstow-harbour. This harbour is so much obstructed by sand that navigation is difficult, except in its very channel, where the water is deep enough to support ships of great burthen.—The banks of the Camel were the scene of some bloody battles between the Britons and Saxons. It was somewhere near Camelford that the famous battle between the renowned Arthur and his rebellious nephew Modred is supposed to have happened, and where the latter was killed, and the former received his death-wound.*—Camelford is a place of great antiquity and a borough, but we found nothing within its precincts that deserved attention.

* See Rapin's *History of England*, vol. i, p. 39.

Cornwall. Between Padstow-harbour and Camelford, antimony mines have been worked with some success; one near St. Teath, indeed, is at present deserted, but Huel-Boys, in the parish of Endellyon, yielded, as Price informs us (in his *Observations on the Mines of Cornwall*), one hundred and twenty tons within three years.

One of our objects in returning to the northern coast was a view of the remains of a remarkable fortress called *King Arthur's Castle* at TINTAGEL. It is conjectured that this was once the royal residence of Arthur, and, if we may believe some of our old historians, the *Hector* of Britain was born here.—Associating the idea of its former splendor and importance,—of its having been the palace of the ancient princes of *Danmonium*,—with the wild sublimity and commanding aspect of the situation, we felt at the scene before us an involuntary awe. Its desolation and decay gave rise to reflections on the early periods of our history; on the bold stand made by our warlike
ancestors

Cornwall.

ancestors in defence of their race and native soil; on the heroic chiefs whom these struggles for independence and freedom from foreign rule called forth; and on the vicissitudes which towns, tribes, whole nations, languages, and all human institutions and ideas undergo. These walls, now mouldering into rubbish, once “frowned a proud pile,” and contained apartments in which appeared the pomp and pageantry of a court. Fancy figured “thronging knights” resorting hither to the throne of their warlike sovereign, and partaking of the military honors of his *round-table*, whilst the royal standard of Britain waving above proclaimed this the seat of supreme authority!—Now desolation holds her reign;—

“ ——— lapsis ingentia muris

“ Saxa jacent, nulloque domus custode tenetur.”

Enough of the works remain to shew that Tintagel Castle was very strong and spacious, though I doubt whether much of what is now standing is of so early a date as the British times. The situation is a bold flaty promontory, part of it

Cornwall. almost separated from the main land by an immense chasm and, unless this chasm has been formed since the dilapidation of the Castle, accessible only by means of a drawbridge. It is evident that the rocks have been rent in *one* place, at least, subsequently to the erection of the walls, for a long fissure may be traced through both them and their foundation. What remains on the peninsular part is a circular, garretted wall, inclosing some traces of buildings: here was probably the keep. Underneath, is a cavern, or subterraneous passage, through which boats could once sail from one side of the rocks to the other at full tide, but, some masses having fallen down from above, it is now in some measure blocked up. The walls on the other side of the chasm inclose two narrow courts, and at the highest part of the fortrefs there are several steps leading to the parapet. The whole is constructed with slate, which is pierced with holes for discharging arrows, &c. On the side towards the sea the precipice is truly terrific; the whole circumference

ference, indeed, has great advantages from *Cornwall.* nature. The brows of the rocks are fringed with samphire, and we found *Trifolium stellatum* growing in their crevices.

Whilst we were contemplating this remarkable spot, our guide pointed out to us some choughs flying beneath us. These were the first we had seen, in a wild state, in Cornwall, though the bird is so common on its coasts that it is generally known by the name of the *Cornish daw*. The natives are so much attached to them that it is very common to see tame ones in their gardens.—The chough may be immediately distinguished from the common crow by its red legs and bill; besides, the colour is a sort of violaceous black. Ruined towers by the sea side, and sequestered, craggy rocks being its favourite haunts, about Tintagel there are considerable numbers.

A little to the east of King Arthur's Castle stands the borough of Tintagel, known also by

Cornwall. the name of Trevena and Boffiney—a most miserable, shabby groupe of cottages, without even a public-house. The country around it is bleak and rugged, and the whole formed such a dismal picture of desolation that we began to imagine ourselves removed by enchantment out of the region of civilization. There are about *twenty* houses within the borough, but the number of voters is seldom so great. At this time there are five or six only. Their qualifications consist in living in the parish, and having land in the borough.

From Tintagel we proceeded over a rocky
Boscastle. road to BOSCASTLE, a village not far distant from the former, and in a highly romantic situation. The cottages are all in a deep valley washed by a small inlet of the sea, whilst fine mountainous eminences crowd round them on all sides, cut by craggy gaps, and clad with brushwood. This place was once famous for a castle, built by one of the Botereaux family, but there are no fragments remaining.

At

At the distance of five or six miles from Bos- *Cornwall.*
castle we had the same insipid scenery that ap-
pears about Camelford, and it continued until
we came near Launceston, the castle of which
was a forlorn, indistinct object on our left a
long way. A screen of mountain-ash, elm, and
oak on each side of the road forms an avenue
to the town and a most agreeable contrast to the
country we leave behind. To ride under the
shade of a hedge-row was a real luxury to us.

LAUNCESTON is situated on the borders of a *Launceston.*
pleasing and cultivated country, partly on an
eminence, and partly on a sharp declivity to the
north. In entering the town, we passed under
the mouldering walls of its ancient castle, which
even now retains a threatening aspect, and must
have been once a very strong and important
fortress. The keep stands on an elevated knoll
that appears to be partly artificial and is said to
have extended originally farther into the town.
The principal entrance is to the north-east,
where stood the great gate, which is in an im-
perfect

Cornwall. perfect state, but some walls still adjoin to it. After crossing a considerable area we mount a flight of steps, rising very quick, to the keep. The latter is surrounded by a circular wall, intended probably for a sort of covered way; about six feet within it there is a second wall, twelve feet in thickness, through which a staircase leads to the top. The whole diameter of the keep is ninety-three feet, and the height of the parapet above the base-court one hundred and four feet. Before the Conquest, we have no further account of this castle than that Othamar de Knivet was constable, or governor. Richard I. gave it to Earl (afterwards King) John, his brother.—William, Earl of Morton and Cornwall, made so many additions to it that he has been considered by some as the founder. The keep seems to me to be of a much earlier date than any other part of the works, and it is not improbable that the foundation of it is as old as the time of the Britons, who, no doubt, had some strong forts in this part of the country for their security against the Saxons.—Including the

the borough of Newport, which joins close to *Cornwall.* Launceston, this is a very populous and extensive place. The church belonging to the former was once a conventual one, dedicated to St. Stephen; hence the parish has sometimes the same appellation. A prior and canons, of the order of St. Augustine, placed here by Warlewast, Bishop of Exeter, inhabited at first a spot near the castle, but were afterwards removed to the other side of the river Kensey, which runs under the hill. The church of St. Thomas occupies a pleasant, rural situation near the foot of the latter. In the heart of the town stands that of St. Mary Magdalen, a handsome fabric, in a rich stile of the Gothic order, but much obscured by other buildings.—There are two fine Gothic gates still standing, and in Leland's time the place was encompassed by a regular wall.—At the entrance to the White-hart inn we observed a noble Saxon arch; so that it is not improbable that on the site of it stood the monastery mentioned above.—Launceston has altogether a very respectable appearance. The
affizes

Cornwall. assizes are holden here alternately with Bodmin, and it is considered as the chief town in the county.

Our nearest way to Plymouth lay through Callington and Saltash; indeed the mines near the former would have induced us to pass through it, had it been even remote from the high road. The face of the country becomes now both varied and fertile, and formed a pleasing preparation to our return into the delightful county of Devon. We frequently discovered the Tamar gliding through a succession of cultivated lands and enclosures. Sometimes an immense landscape opened to our view.—On the left a range of mountains, the harshness of their outline mellowed by distance, seemed to advance in a north-east direction. Near these are the huge Druidical monuments called the *Hurlers*, and also the *Cheese-rings*, as they are vulgarly named. The materials for both were furnished on the spot, for the granite rocks continue their course to the east of Bodmin, and the

Cheese-

Cheese-rings (which are immense masses of this rock piled on each other nearly in a circle) were probably constructed by nature herself, in one of her whimsical moments.—The *Hurlers* are three singular and large circles of stones which intersect each other, the centres being in a right line; the name is derived from a ridiculous tradition that they were once people amusing themselves at *hurling*,* or wrestling, a favourite sport with the Cornishmen. *Cornwall.*

Having now nearly completed the tour of this county, and visited its most secluded parts, without finding any traces of the old Cornish language, we ventured to conclude that it must be nearly, if not wholly, extinct, especially as Mr. Ray could not meet with more than one person who wrote it as long ago as the year 1662. Mr. Barrington was fortunate enough to find an old woman that could scold in it, when he visited

* The natives of Cornwall have long been famous for their strength and dexterity at this exercise.—Every one has heard of the *Cornish Bug*.

Cornwall. this county in 1768.—It was spoken so generally, however, down to the reign of Henry VIII. that Dr. Moreman, Vicar of Mynhinect, is said to have been the first who taught his parishoners the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the commandments in English.—According to the best authorities I have been able to consult, the Cornish must have been merely a dialect of that language which prevailed over all Britain before the arrival of the Saxons, and which was common (though not down to so late a period) to Ireland and Gaul. The Britons being driven into countries remote from each other, their language would in process of time become differently written and pronounced, and mixed in different degrees with other languages, so as to constitute the Armorican, Welsh, and Cornish, which seem to have never been *radically* distinct, for those who are versed in any one of these can interpret the others with tolerable facility.*

* See Gough's *Camden*, vol. I, p. II.

Many causes have operated to occasion the extinction of the last. In the first place, no more than three books are extant in the language: one of them (Gibson informs us) is written in an old court-hand on vellum, and contains the history of our Saviour's passion; the other two are in the Bodleian library, but I am ignorant of the subject of them.—Secondly, the cessation of all intercourse and correspondence with the people of Bretagne under Henry VII. before whose time there were interchanges of families and princes with them; and—lastly,—the jealousies that have existed between the natives of this county and Wales, since the latter has become a mining country, were the means of confining the Cornishmen to a communication in their original language only with each other. The Welsh having much less intercourse with their neighbours than the people of Cornwall, we cannot be surprised that the language of the former has survived that of the latter, and we have no need perhaps to take other circumstances into consideration.

Cornwall.

Before

Cornwall.

Before we came to Callington we perceived some mines on the right. Among the rubbish surrounding the shafts we found a good deal of decomposing granite,* similar to that of St. Stephen's parish, and which might be applied to the same purposes. St. Kitt's hill (on the left) consists entirely of granite, and, at the very top, a shaft has been sunk for digging tin. Whether this mine has been productive I know not, but there is a great quantity of *wolfram* in the quartz that seems to adjoin the lode. Killas is the upper *stratum* around the foot of the hill, but the latter is certainly one of the links, as it were, that serves to connect the granitic chain of Cornwall with the same of Dartmoor; its outline is as mountainous as any we saw in this county, and its sides are rendered craggy by the masses of granite projecting from them, and which come under the same character as the moorstone.—The prospect from the summit of

* The China-stone.

St. Kitt's hill embraces a vast tract of country, *Cornwall.* and brings both banks of the Tamar under the same natural district, by shewing a perfect similarity in their agricultural, as well as their geological aspect, and making an imaginary union between the eminences that overlook them on each side. To the south, Plymouth-sound presented its hazy surface, and we could distinctly trace the route by which we were the next day to complete our circuit of Cornwall.

CALLINGTON, placed in a situation quite *Callington.* commanded by the bold height of St. Kitt's hill, has nothing to boast of but its church, a spacious, towering fabric. Though a shabby place, it may justly claim a superiority in rank to many other of the Cornish boroughs. Its manufactory of cloth is as brisk as any carried on in the county, but this is a branch of business which seems to be migrating very fast from the more western part of the kingdom.

As we came nearer to the Tamar, our views

Cornwall.
Pentilly
Castle.

gradually improved, and the vicinity of PENTILLY CASTLE, which stands on its edge, is highly beautiful and luxuriant. The declivities towards the river are most charmingly wooded, and fine tall elms, wearing a picturesque appearance of age, stretch their broad branches over the approach to the castle. The latter is a modern building, and has the appellation of a castle, I imagine, only from its embattled form.

Cultivation was now become conspicuous in every direction, and the *Danmonian* fence, from its novelty, was not so offensive to us as when our eyes had been more familiarized to a scene of fertility and to the concerns of agriculture.—How happy the occupations of the husbandman appeared in comparison with those of the wretched miner! The latter assisted only by the gleam of a candle, and surrounded by a gross, and frequently by a deadly, atmosphere, is momentarily in danger of seeing the tomb close over his head, whilst the former, blessed in his toil with a pure air and the splendor of heaven, pursues the task assigned

assigned him with vigour and cheerfulness. *Cornwall.*
From this contrast, I think, one may judge
what nature intended to be the true riches
of man.

DEVONSHIRE

CONTINUED.

THE day after our arrival at Saltash, we went
up the Tavey to visit the lead mines of BERE- Bere-Alston.
ALSTON. A serene sky, and the beauty of the
scenes which succeeded each other according to
every curvature in our course, rendered our
little voyage inexpressibly pleasing. There is
a profusion of wood in the vicinity of the
mines, and the space comprehended between
the Tamar and the Tavey towards their con-
fluence presented a great number of very lovely
land-

T 2

Devon. landscapes. After being landed, we had the distance of about a mile and an half to walk before we arrived at Bere-Alston, which, though a borough, is quite a mean village, and we were informed that not a single voter resides in it. Probably it was once the property of a person of some rank and influence, by which means many inconsiderable places first obtained the privilege of sending representatives to parliament. It is said that the manor was given by the Conqueror to a branch of the family of Alençon; if so, the word *Alston* might be a corruption of that name.

We were fortunate enough to obtain at these mines some fluor in octohedral crystals, which is a very rare mineral, and at no other place in England, I believe, is it to be found.—The ore is a *galena*, with a *matrix* of whitish quartz accompanied by a good deal of blende. Killas constitutes in a great measure the country of the *galena*, and seems to prevail in the soil about Bere-Alston. The depth of the mines is
not

not very considerable, nor do they produce sufficiently to excite any great spirit of industry; indeed at this time we did not find that any workings at all were going on.

Devon.

On our return to the boat, the water proved too shallow to carry us back, which obliged us to wait for the flood tide, and was the means of furnishing us with an acquisition in the way of conchology. In the mud appeared a species of *Turbo*, which, though very similar to *T. littoreus* (the common periwinkle), has some characters that seem to authorize its being considered as a different shell. The *anfractus* are much more swollen, as it were, than in the above species; the spire is more depressed; and, besides that there is no appearance of *striae* either transversely or longitudinally, this shell has a sort of distorted or rude *contour* that may perhaps entitle it to the appellation of *T. rudis*. Its colour is greenish.—I do not find that it has been either figured or described.

Devon.

We now re-crossed the Tamàr, at the Saltash passage, having completed a peregrination of almost three hundred miles since our first arrival at that town.

Plymouth and its environs comprehend a variety of interesting objects, to the survey of which some days should be allotted by every one who visits this part of the country. The Edystone light-house, Mount Edgcumbe, and the dock-yards form a superior assemblage of attractions.

Plymouth.

The town of PLYMOUTH is large, but an ill-built, disagreeable place, infested with all the filthiness so frequent in sea-ports. It carries on a very extensive trade, and there is a great exportation of pilchards to Italy and other catholic countries. The fishery does not extend farther eastward than this harbour.—The new quay lies on the west side of Sutton-pool, where vessels are pretty safe, when those in the Sound, and even in Catwater, run great risques from
the

the high sea which a south wind generally brings. Wrecks often happen under Mount Batton, and other eminences near the town.—A citadel, built on a noble scale, protects the Sound; yet the entrance of the latter does not seem sufficiently guarded, and (if the security of Plymouth be of importance to the kingdom) it is not easy to account for the plan proposed some years ago by the Duke of Richmond being rejected. Without some stronger works, his Grace thought the place very far from being impregnable.—Hamoaze (the mouth of the Tamar) is commanded by the works on St. Nicholas's isle,—a spot about two acres in extent, on the north-west side of the Sound.—The citadel has five regular bastions, a large store house, and many fine pieces of cannon, and was erected in the reign of Charles II.—At a little distance west from the town are the marine barracks, which occupy a considerable extent of ground, and have more the appearance of a college, than of a building for the accommodation of soldiers.

Devon.

Devon. Two miles from Plymouth, on the eastern
Plymouth-Dock. side of the Tamar, stands the town of PLY-
MOUTH-DOCK, almost united to the former by
the village of Stonehouse and the numerous
houses that extend along the road. From the
bustle and continual passing of people we could
fancy ourselves in the outskirts of London.—
The Royal hospital is situated on the right, en-
joying a fine, elevated spot that seems pecu-
liarly favourable to a supply of wholesome air.
On the left appears the governor of Plymouth's
house, overlooking the Sound, Hamoaze, and
Stonehouse-pool from a rocky eminence which
borders the latter, and which is fortified with
some regular works for the defence of the
dock-yards.

The levelling of so large a space of ground as
the dock-yards occupy must have been attended
with prodigious labour, particularly the gun-
wharf, which was hewn out of some schistose
rocks to the depth of thirty feet, or more.
This slate is of a very singular species, and re-
sembles

Devon.

resembles in colour the Siberian jasper, being composed of alternate green and purple *laminæ* running in right lines. A very hard reddish limestone prevails on the southern side of the yards.—The docks and basons are constructed on a spacious and magnificent scale, and the different offices and work-shops are extremely commodious and complete. The wet dock is formed to contain five first-rates at a time, and there is a bason two hundred feet square.—The rope-house is longer by twenty fathoms than that of Portsmouth, the whole length of it being four hundred fathoms.—Those who have never seen similar scenes cannot form any conception of the activity and variety of employments exhibited here, nor is any spectacle better calculated to enable one to make a proper estimate of human ingenuity, than the gradual growth of a few rude pieces of timber into the majestic, wonderful structure that encounters the winds and waves.

From a little cove, close to the dock-yards,
there

Devon.
Mount-
Edgcumbe.

there is a ferry to MOUNT-EDGCUMBE, which (exclusive of its exterior advantages,) in the situation, disposition of the grounds, and natural embellishments, has recommendations superior to those of most spots in our island. From the Sound, which is bounded by it on the west, its effect is singularly striking in point both of grandeur and decoration, and the house appears to great advantage. The latter, a square building with a tower at each corner, was begun by Sir Richard Edgcumbe, from whom its present noble possessor (the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe) is descended. It commands a view almost unparalleled for variety and magnificence of objects. In front, the town and harbour of Plymouth present themselves; a little to the left, the dock-yards, the fortifications that surround them, ships of various dimensions sailing in and out of the Tamar, and the distant banks of that river; to the right, a broad sweep of the Channel, and several bold headlands starting from the coast; whilst more immediately under the eye
appears

appears a fine declivity richly planted, and ornamented with temples, statues, and fountains.

Devon.

During Mary's war with France, the Spanish and Netherland fleets having joined the English at Plymouth, the admirals of the three nations were sumptuously entertained by Sir Richard at this princely feat.—The Duke of Medina, commander of the famous *Armada*, is said to have been so much delighted with the spot that, as he passed with his supposed *invincible* fleet along the coast, he made himself, in *idea*, at once possessor of it.

Adjoining to Mount-Edgcumbe are MAKER-HEIGHTS, whence we had a prospect still more extended than before, a greater part of Cornwall entering into the landscape, with numberless towns and villages.—The parish church (the tower of which is a station for the display of signals) stands close to the park-walls, and by means of so very elevated a situation, the people in the harbour gain intelligence of whatever fleets

Maker-
Heights.

Devon. fleets pass up or down the Channel. Homeward-bound ships generally put into Plymouth to provide themselves with pilots.

Edystone
Light-house.

The distance of the EDYSTONE from Plymouth is nearly fourteen miles.* Its situation is such that all the swells from the bay of Biscay and the ocean come along the coast towards it with uncontrouled fury, which rendered it a perilous spot to mariners before the erection of the light-house. The present building was the work of the ingenious Mr. Smeaton, who published a very interesting account of it, in a folio volume, in the year 1793. He informs us that his plan was taken from observations that he had made on the trunk of a tree, which gradually diminishes from a curve into a cylinder, and gave

* The proper time of sailing from Plymouth to the Edystone is when they have high-water at the former place, because the ebb-tide will assist your getting out from the Sound, and then meeting the Channel tide running eastward, the current will naturally drive so much to the east that, if the wind be slack, its return to the west when there is half ebb at the light-house will bring you thither in course before low-water, and afford the best chance of landing.

him

Devon.

him a strong idea of the advantage of such a form. The materials which he used were chiefly of moorstone, and managed so as to lock into each other, being primarily engrafted into the rock; in the round, or entire courses, above the top of the latter, all are dove-tailed, and locked to one large centre stone. His cement was composed of tarras (or *puzzolana*) and limestone from Watchett, in Somersetshire. These materials together formed an excellent mortar for setting in the midst of water.

The first building erected on the Edystone rock was the design of a Mr. Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Essex, who seems to have been a man of a great mechanical turn, and had acquired some fame by several machines which he had invented similar to Merlin's. He commenced his light-house in the year 1696, and finished it in 1700, but it required considerable repairs within three years afterwards; yet so confident was Mr. W. of the excellence of his plan that, when he went to Plymouth in November

Devon.

ber, 1703, to superintend the workmen, he told some of his friends “ *he should only wish to be on the spot in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, in order to see what effect it would have on the structure.* ”—The unfortunate architect paid dearly for his presumption, for in the dreadful hurricane of the twenty-seventh of November (1703) the whole building was washed away, and himself, and others that were with him in it, never more heard of!—The next adventurer was John Rudyerd, a silk mercer, of Ludgate-hill, who was empowered to build by an act of parliament passed in the year 1706. Rudyerd was convinced that the form of his predecessor’s light-house was a very injudicious one (being polygonal), and constructed his own circular. He made the base twenty-three feet four inches in diameter, and the height ninety-two feet, and the whole was completed in three years. It stood until the second of December, 1755, when a fire accidentally broke out, and, by the seventh, entirely destroyed it.—A very singular, and almost incredible, accident

cident happened at the time of the fire. Some lead, melted by the heat of the flames, dropped into the mouth of a man who was *gaping* up at the upper part of the light-house, and, though the weight of it was found to be more than seven ounces, the poor wretch survived his scalding dose ten days.*—At the beginning of the year 1756, Mr. Smeaton was pitched upon as a proper person to restore the structure. This gentleman, of whose mechanical genius the present light-house promises to be a very durable monument, was originally a philosophical instrument maker, and being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society as a compliment to his talents, received great attention from the Earl of Mac-

Devon.

* The body was dissected by Mr. Spry, of Plymouth, by whom an account of this extraordinary circumstance was transmitted to the Royal Society (See *Phil. Transf.* vol. 49, p. 477.) In consequence of the incredulity that attached to his report, the above gentleman was induced to prosecute a series of experiments on the effects of liquid hot lead, the issue of which fully established the possibility of the occurrence. A lump of this metal weighing three ounces remained some time in the stomach of a fowl, without producing death, and the bird even eat several barley-corns afterwards.

clesfield,

Devon. clesfield, then President. He was introduced by that nobleman to Mr. Whiston, one of the proprietors of the Edystone, and completed the new building for them in October, 1759.

To what a degree must the waves of the Channel be agitated to rise above the top of the light-house, and even to the height of two hundred feet! And yet we were assured that this awful scene has been frequently witnessed. —We cannot but wonder that any structure should be contrived of sufficient strength and durability to resist such an *impetus*, and in Mr. Smeaton's undertaking there was certainly an exertion of genius which extorts a very high degree of admiration.

About Plymouth there are some substances interesting to a mineralogist. The rocks are mostly of limestone, but those which range themselves along the northern side of Stonehouse-pool present two very singular species of it. One is very hard, compact, and capable of
a good

a good polish; in colour dull white, with veins of red, and partly crystallized. It is uncommonly heavy, and in fracture granularly foliated, or rather conchoidal. From effervescing very slowly with acids unless pulverized, it seems to be supersaturated with carbonic acid, and to approach to the *dolomie*, of Saussure. Da Costa describes it (in his *Natural History of Fossils*, p. 206) as “*Marmor album, rubro variegatum, alterum.*”—The other species, which forms a part of the same ridge as the former, is of a lamellar texture, and, from its general appearance, and particularly its unctuousness to the touch, we at first conceived it to be of the magnesian genus. A lime-burner, however, who was conveying some of it to the neighbouring kiln, soon convinced us of our mistake, and we found that it was really calcareous, but of that species which Mr. Kirwan calls the *muricalcite*,* for (though it effervesces briskly with acids) when

Devon.

* See *Elements of Mineralogy*, vol. 1, p. 92.

Devon. dissolved it leaves a considerable *residuum* of talcy particles. Its colour is externally a brownish red (arising from a small portion of oxyde of iron) and internally a greenish white. The texture is curved-foilated, and the fracture in the direction of the *lamellæ*, which are thin, smooth, and greasy to the touch. It burns to a brownish white powder, but does not readily become pulverulent when flaked.

Crags of limestone insulated, as it were, in argillaceous slate, and presenting the appearance of having been pitched or immersed in it by violence occur very frequently on the eastern side of the Tavey, and particularly about Roborough heath. The nearest spot to Plymouth where granite is to be discovered seems to be Calstock, on the river Tamar, at the distance of about fifteen miles. It is remarkable that this substance is found at nearly the same distance southward, the Edystone and neighbouring rocks consisting of a lamellar sort of it.

We migrated a little from the high road to *Devon.* Tavistock, to enjoy the beautiful scenery of PLYM WOOD. Pursuing some of its intricate Plym wood. tracks, we lost ourselves in the bosom of the wood just when we imagined that we were approaching its borders. Far from regretting several fruitless peregrinations, however, the more we wandered the more we were charmed. The leaves, varied by autumnal tints, presented a rich mass of colours, which were gradually blended by distance into one simple hue. The less remote features of this lovely woodland landscape perpetually changed, and a curving branch of the Plym sometimes bathed the foot of a craggy slope, and sometimes traversed a broad, level vale.

We observed *Lichen laciniatus*, as we passed, on some aged branches of oak and ash.

Unfavourable weather detained us some time at TAVISTOCK, and would scarcely allow us to Tavistock. stir out of our inn with any degree of comfort.

Devon.

So great a quantity of rain fell that the Tavey rolled under the bridge in a torrent,—a circumstance that contributed considerably to the picturesque effect of the views on its banks. The latter are rocky, elevated, and in many points well broken for representation by the pencil, particularly with the addition of the venerable, old Gothic ruins that appear near the bridge.—Tavistock still preserves many fine remains of its abbey, which must once have been no less splendid in its construction than spacious in extent. Its revenues were princely, and its abbots were lords of parliament and mitred. The founder was Ordulf,* son of Ordgar, Earl of Devonshire, whose daughter Elfrida married King Edgar. Livingus, Bishop of Exeter, added very munificently to its possessions. It was dedicated to the blessed Virgin and St. Rumond,

* We are informed by William of Malmesbury that this Ordulf was of so immense a stature, that he could walk along both sides of the river (which were ten feet apart) stridewise! He could also break the bars of gates! To believe this requires more than *monkish* credulity.

(the



S. M. 1843

The Rev. T. R. 1843

(the body of the latter being interred here), and the monks were of the Benedictine order.* There were thirty-six stalls in the old conventual church, no part of which is standing, but there are several buildings that seem to have belonged to the abbey; they are now used for warehouses and other purposes. Adjoining to the principal inn is a large, handsome Gothic gate, adorned with lofty pinnacles, as are also the contiguous remains. At what period these were erected I cannot discover, but from the square windows and the form of the roofs, they cannot certainly be older than the time of Henry VI. *Devon.*

We read of many eminent men that were abbots of Tavistock, and a particular encouragement seems to have been afforded to learning in this town. A printing-press was established here very soon after that art was brought into

* Steevens's Dugdale, vol. 1, p. 32.

Devon. England, and Gibson (in his additions to Camden) says that he had understood there was a Saxon Grammar printed in the place about the time of the civil wars of Charles's reign, for the use of the school, in which lectures were read on that language. These lectures, however, have long been discontinued.

It is much to be lamented that the language of our Saxon ancestors is now so little cultivated, especially when we consider that it is the basis of the modern English ; that an infinite number of legal decisions relative to the tenure of lands must depend on the interpretation of old terms in that tongue ; and that the study of our national antiquities is so intimately connected with it. It was from the latter of these considerations that Sir Henry Spelman founded the Saxon professorship in Cambridge, but this laudable institution is unfortunately now useless. The sister University has lately been enabled to benefit from a professorship founded by the late Dr. Rawlinson, and the talents of the gentleman

man* who at present enjoys its emoluments *Devon.*
afford reason for expecting that the study of
Saxon will be promoted in the *latter*.

The town of Tavistock is populous and very charmingly situated, but the streets are narrow and the buildings mean. Its supply of every species of provision is abundant, particularly in the article of fish; this results from its proximity to Plymouth. The church has a venerable air, and contains several monuments deserving of notice. The grand-daughter of the learned Henry Stephens (who was niece also of Isaac Casaubon) lies here. She was married to Richard Pollard, Gent.—The vaults of the Bouchiers, Earls of Bath, and their representatives the Wreys, Baronets, were pointed out to us.

From Tavistock we proceeded to Okeham-

* The Reverend ——— Mayo, of St. John's College.

Devon. ton.—To the right of the road, within the precincts of Dartmoor, some mines drew our attention, and farther on to the left there is a very remarkable water-fall, which also led us from the high road.

We came first to a copper-mine called Huel-Friendship, situated in a valley under the granite mountains about five miles from Tavistock; though not more than twenty-three fathoms in depth, it has a rich vein of ore, which, it may be fairly presumed, will be still more productive than at present. The *matrix* is a caple, in the composition of which argillaceous earth seems to be predominant, and the country is for the most part killas. In the same vein with the ore a singular species of cubic mundic, having very concave surfaces, is found. We discovered some small crystals of this substance imbedded in what the miners call *peach*, a soft kind of chlorite, nearly allied in composition to killas. The latter, perhaps, is no other than the *chlorite schiefer*, of Werner, and its varieties seem

seem to be produced by the gradations between it and the *thon schiefer*, or argillaceous slate. My friend Mr. Hatchett traced in the mountains about Loch-Lomond, in Scotland, a regular transition from peach into indurated chlorite, and of the latter into killas, and this again he found passing into *thon schiefer*.—The direction of the lode in Huel-Friendship is from east to west, and the dip, or inclination, to the north, making a difference of about five feet in a fathom. About forty men are employed, exclusive of the cleaners and dressers. The ore is generally sold in Cornwall, and smelted in Wales. It is of the yellow or pyritical sort, *galena* frequently accompanying it.

Devon.

About a mile eastward from the copper mine, we saw two tin mines, HUEL-JEWEL, and HUEL-UNITY. The depth of neither of these is so great as that of the Cornish tin mines in general. The ore is in black irregular crystals, the direction of the lode being the same as that of Huel-Friendship, *viz.* from east to west.

Huel-Jewel.
Huel-Unity.

There

Devon. There are furnaces for roasting the ore very near to the mine.

The Devonshire tanners became a separate body to those of Cornwall in the time of Edward I. who confirmed the charter granted by Earl Edmund, and made various additional regulations. Before this prince's reign the tanners of both counties enjoyed one common corporate capacity, and held a common parliament on Hengstone-hill, but the Devonshire miners have since assembled alone on Crockern-torr. Their laws, with regard to mining, seem to have never been so well defined, or so equitable, as those which respect the Cornishmen,* but both being included within the Duchy of Cornwall, are under the same general constitution. One general warden, called the *Lord Warden of the Stannaries*, either by himself or his deputy, has

* The Cornish laws, which are particularly recited in Plowden's *Comment.* p. 237, were further explained 50 Edw. III. 8 Rich. II. 3 Edw. IV. 1 Edw. VI. 2 Mary; and 2 Elizabeth.

Devon.

the supreme decision in matters both of law and equity, relative to the tin mines of the dutchy. A court is generally holden once a month by the sub-warden, who receives appeals from inferior courts, wherein other officers preside, but a jury is impanelled on all occasions. No laws are valid unless regularly passed in a stannary parliament, to which every stannary town sends six representatives, who in Cornwall are stiled *Stannators*, in Devonshire *Jurats*. Every act must be signed by these representatives, the Lord Warden, or his deputy, and lastly by the Duke himself (in his privy council) or the sovereign, and has then all the authority, with regard to tin affairs, of an act of the supreme Legislature of England.—There are only four stannary towns in Devonshire, *viz.* Plympton, Tavistock, Ashburton, and Chagford.

The forest of DARTMOOR seems to have Dartmoor. taken its name from the river Dart, which rises within its precincts. It contains about eighty thousand acres,—a large tract of land to be subject

Devon. ject to the forest laws, but one cannot wonder at such a tyrant as John shewing more affection for his game than for his subjects ;—

“ Both doom’d alike for sportive tyrants bled,
“ But while the subject starv’d, the beast was fed.”

POPE.

There are several mines on Dartmoor, which is but little productive on its surface, though some of the higher spots afford fine short herbage for sheep, and here a great number of cattle are fed. Innumerable streams descend from its eminences, and take various courses, watering all the confines of the forest.—I have never seen a more dreary tract than that over which we passed from the tin mines towards Lidford. The soil is exceedingly swampy and moist, and covered with *Sphagnum palustre* (bog-moss), through which our horses’ legs penetrated knee-deep at every step. If we had not been accompanied by the captain of the mines, who seemed to be well acquainted with the country, we should have been in unceasing apprehension of
sinking

sinking deeper than our heads.—Though it may naturally be imagined that so wet, exposed, and uncomfortable a district must be unhealthy, we were informed that the inhabitants live to an extraordinary age. They reckon themselves *middle-aged* only when arrived at *sixty*, and “it is no very uncommon thing (said our guide) to hear the death of a man of seventy years of age spoken of as if premature!” The principal cause, I believe, of this longevity, as in other countries remarkable for it, is the absence of temptations to intemperance.

Devon.

LIDFORD WATER-FALL is about a mile and an half westward from the town of that name, the latter being not more than the same distance from the high road to Okchampton. It is a highly romantic spot, and so remote from any frequented track that it is in vain to look for it without the assistance of a guide. Passing through a farm-yard, we were advised to leave our horses, on account of the length and steepness of the hill we were to descend towards the fall.

Lidford water-fall.

Devon. fall. It was but a few paces that we had proceeded from the former, before we began to discover a total alteration in the scenery of the country.—The valley into which the stream of water descends is so narrow, and the ground on each side of it so elevated and irregular, that we could not see the bottom until we were almost in it. We walked some way before we came to the fall, which is quite in a corner formed by the projection of the lower part of the hill that we had just descended. Before it arrives at this point, the water turns a mill wheel, passing towards the precipice with a considerable declivity of channel. Bordered with overhanging shrubs, and tumbling with a loud but agreeable murmur, the cascade comes down a quick slope about an hundred feet in length, and then forms a rapid brook that rushes with rapidity along the valley. The neighbouring hills,——

“ ———— whose hairy sides

“ With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,

“ Access deny’d,”

exclusive of the beauty of their clothing and the
boldness

boldness of their outline, acquire a romantic aspect by seeming to guard this sequestered spot from the profane stare of every incurious traveller.

Devon.

On some large stones sprinkled by the spray of the water-fall, we observed the elegant little *Campanula hederacea* (ivy-leaved campion).

Mounting our horses we passed on to Lidford. The scene we had just viewed with so much delight being wholly snatched from our eyes, we could scarcely persuade ourselves that it was not a dream, until we came to Lidford bridge, when, looking over the parapet, we found we were not quite out of the verge of the romantic singularities of this part of the county.

Lidford bridge, consisting of only one arch, crosses the river Lid at the terrific height of at least seventy feet. The chasm through which it runs is so shaded by shrubs that we could scarcely perceive the water, and we might not
- have

Devon. have discovered that we were passing over a river, had we not heard its murmur beneath us.— On each side hang huge crags, covered with foliage, and projecting in various places with a very picturesque effect. The materials constituting its bed, or channel, being of a very soft nature, the stream continually acquires a greater depth below the level of the surrounding country by its incessant friction, and I have no doubt that it has hollowed out the earth sufficiently to disclose lodes of ore, if it be true that fragments have been found in some parts of its course.

Lidford. LIDFORD is a place of some antiquity, and was once a borough. In the reign of William I. it is said to have been very large and populous, and had one hundred and forty burghesses. The Danes (of whose atrocities there are frequent vestiges in the west of England) committed terrible ravages here in 997. There is a castle at Lidford, which has been used as a prison for offenders against the flannary laws. It is a square building of an unmeaning appearance, being

being without strength or ornament —The bur-
 gesses of this place were excused from sending
 representatives to parliament *propter paupertatem*—a plea which the present appearance of it
 seems to have fairly justified them in making, for
 it is dwindled into a small, shabby village.

Devon.

As we approached Okehampton, a fine valley
 opened to the south, and the ruins of the castle
 appeared on a lofty knoll in the midst of a rich
 mass of wood, which covers also the eminences
 around it.—The church stands to the left of the
 road, and there is a gradual descent of almost a
 mile from it down into the town.

OKEHAMPTON, or *Ockington* (as it is ge-
 nerally called in Devonshire) is situated very
 nearly in the centre of the county. It takes its
 name from the river Oke running through it.
 There is only one large street, and that without
 the advantage of good buildings.—The princi-
 pal trade consists in a manufactory of serge,
 which, however, is on the decline, and the

Okehampton.

Devon. chief support of the place seems to be the turnpike-road running through it from Exeter to Launceston. We did not find any building worthy of notice, except a ruinous chapel apparently of some antiquity.

Okehampton Castle is distant about a mile, nearly south-east, from the town. It stands on a natural eminence rising out of some fine verdant meadows, which are watered by a beautiful, clear stream, and enclosed by well wooded acclivities. The woods to the south are included within the precincts of Okehampton-park, belonging to Lord Courtenay. Nothing can be more pleasing than the whole scenery, which, with the ivy-clad ruins of the Castle, its mouldering turrets, and crumbling walls, conspires to form a most picturesque landscape.—Grose* informs us that this Castle was built by Baldwin *de Brioniis*, from whom it came into the posses-

* *Antiquities of England and Wales*, vol. 2, p. 65.

Okehampton Castle.



W. H. Stiles del.

J. Allen fecit.

tion of Richard *de Ripariis*, or Rivers. By *Devon.* marriage it went to the Courtenays, who being strongly attached to the Lancastrian party, their lands were seized by Edward IV. and the Castle of Okehampton granted to the Dynhams. Thomas de Courtenay, it will be recollected, was taken at the battle of Towton, in 1461, and beheaded at Pontefract. John, his brother, lost his life at Tewksbury. The family recovered their ancient possessions in these parts in the reign of Henry VII. but were unfortunate enough again to lose them after Henry de Courtenay was found to be concerned with Cardinal Pole. Henry VIII.* carried his resentment so far as to imprison the son of the above nobleman, Edward, (who at that time could not be more than ten years old) but, on the accession of Mary to the throne, he obtained his release, and might even have been honoured with the hand

* Mr. Gough says, it was by this monarch's order that the castle was dismantled.

See his edit. of Camden, vol. 4, p. 38.

Devon. of his fovereign, had he not discovered a partiality to her fifter Elizabeth. Exclusive of the advantages of his perfon, he had the recommendation of being nearly allied to the blood royal, though the latter circumftance, and perhaps his attachment to the Princefs, occafioned his being again arrefted and committed to the Tower. As an oftenfible caufe for his confinement, Wyat was prevailed upon to proclaim him one of his accomplices, yet moft of our hiftorians deny that there was the leaft ground for fuch an accusation, and declare that even Wyat himfelf cleared him at his death. Indeed his fubfequent release, (which was afcribed by the nation to the interceffion of King Philip,) fufficiently proves the want of the flighteft evidence of his guilt. During his imprifonment he is faid to have amufed himfelf with drawing*—a refource that few prifoners could have had in that age. Other particulars handed down to us

* See Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. 1, p. 218.

Devon.

respecting the life of this nobleman equally contribute to give us a favourable idea of his mind and disposition. He asked leave to dedicate some years to foreign travel, and actually proceeded as far as Padua ; here, however, closed a life chequered with adversities, and some suspicion was entertained of his being taken off by poison, jealousy having pursued him to the last. —Edward de Courtenay dying without issue, Okehampton Castle came by marriage to the Mohuns, whose male line likewise becoming extinct by the death of Lord Mohun (killed in the year 1712 by the Duke of Hamilton in a duel), it descended to Christopher Harris, of Heynes, Esq.—Enough of the Castle remains to shew that it was originally a place of splendour and consequence, and very strongly built. The river served as a moat to it on one side, and the back part of it is rendered inaccessible by the steepness of the acclivity.—The gate, which is overhung with foliage, stands on the side towards the town.

Devon.

Intending to visit more of the interior part of Dorsetshire on our return, we pursued the road to Exeter, and were highly delighted with the views on this day's journey.—From some points the prospect was really vast, but we could seldom see so far in front as in other directions. Our view was widest in general to the south-west, we remarked, the whole way from the Land's-end. Hence Cornwall should seem to be lower with respect to the level of the sea than Devonshire.—The country improved extremely in fertility and richness as we approached Exeter; neither is it destitute of boldness, though we had now lost the grand lines of the granite mountains, which finally terminate a few miles beyond Okehampton. They are flanked on the right with a broad deep *stratum* of killas that seems to accompany them throughout their course from the lower part of Cornwall, and passes off either into argillaceous slate, or a schistose grit.

Rest and refreshment were on this occasion our only reasons for halting at Exeter, though
we

we could not view that city and its charming environs without new pleasure, nor bid adieu to them without emotions of regret.—Quite to Honiton, however, the landscape continues uninterruptedly rich, and some of the highest hills are decorated to their summits with wood and luxuriant verdure. Arable, meadow, and pasture lands seemed to be in pretty equal proportions. Separation of property is made by hedge-rows, from which rise tall, slender elms pared almost to mere poles, it being the practice to strip them of their branches to a great part of their height.—The multitude of villages scattered on all sides conspire with this sweet scene of cultivation (how deficient so ever it may be considered in *picturesque* effect) to produce on the mind the most pleasing impressions imaginable.

Devon.

HONITON is situated in a delightful vale watered by numberless streams and brooks. The river Otter flows through the town, which consists of a broad, handsome street running

Honiton.

Devon. from east to west, and well paved. The parish church is half a mile distant, but there is a chapel, called Allhallows, within the place.—A manufactory of lace is the only flourishing branch of business, yet Honiton is by no means deficient in population. It is a borough by prescription, and all the inhabitants who pay scot and lot are entitled to votes.

Axminster. AXMINSTER enjoys equal conveniences, in regard to water, with Honiton, the river Axe (from which it takes its name) running through the middle of the parish. The high road to Dorchester, whither we were now proceeding, led us through this neat, healthy town. From the reported antiquity of its foundation, we felt some curiosity to view the church, which is a heavy, but venerable structure, and has undergone various alterations at very different periods, as is evident from the various styles of architecture which it exhibits; no part of it, however, can be of so early a date as the reign of (its supposed founder) Athelstan. This monarch is
said

Devon.

said to have erected a minster here for seven priests, whom he appointed to pray for the souls of some Saxon chiefs slain in the bloody battle of Brunanburgh, in Northumberland, and interred here. Unless the removal of a corpse to so distant a place of interment was in those times considered as the greater mark of respect, one can scarcely credit a story that assigns to the above personages graves at Axminster, even when supported by the authority of a Camden.* It seems much more probable that the warriors to whom Athelstan paid these honors lost their lives on a subsequent occasion, when he came to quell a rebellion (of which William of Malmesbury makes mention) in *these* parts.

Axminster is famous for a manufactory of carpets, the process of weaving which is very different from any other that I have seen. They are woven in one entire piece, several

* See Gibson's first edit. p. 23.

Devon. hands being employed in conjunction at the same loom.

Seven miles north-east from Axminster, and Ford Abbey, four miles from Chard, stands FORD ABBEY, the seat of J. F. Gwynn, Esq. It was founded by Adelesia, Countess of Devonshire (the sister of Richard *de Brioniis*, and daughter of Albreda, niece of William the Conqueror), for monks of the Cistercian order.*—This building, beautifully situated on the banks of the river Axe, appears to have been converted into a mansion-house at the time of the Dissolution. The south front is very extensive, and exhibits a curious and magnificent remain of monastic grandeur. The dormitory and cells of the monks, the cloister, (which is one hundred feet in length), the refectory, and a chapel are all entire and in fine preservation; the porch was built soon after the Dissolution, in the stile of architecture that

* Grose's *Antiquities*, vol. 2, p. 62.

prevailed

Devon.

prevailed during the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. In other parts the windows have been modernized, and some additions and alterations made. The furniture of many of the apartments seems to be coeval with the first secular inhabitants; *some* rooms, however, are fitted up in a more recent stile, and Mr. Gwynn is about to introduce other elegancies and conveniences of modern times. There are a few good portraits, though not disposed to the best advantage, and a picture (by Carracci) of Martha preparing for our Saviour.—The gardens are laid out in the old taste, with hanging terraces and fish-ponds. A broad gravel walk extends a considerable way beyond the front of the house. The park contains sixty acres, and is well wooded with chestnut, beech, fir, and oak. Many of these trees appear to have stood for centuries. The hand of taste might still be employed with success;—little else seems wanting to render Ford Abbey one of the noblest residences in the west of England, and it is certainly one of the most perfect *monastic* structures
that

Devon. that time, depredation, and fanaticism have left in this kingdom.

The chert with which the road is covered between Honiton and Axminster announced to us that we were not far distant from chalk, and, at length, beyond Bridport we found the grand tract of it that stretches over the bleak downs of Wilts and Dorset.—About *Axminster* indeed hills and ridges of chalk partially appear, and calcareous matter seems to commence not far eastward from the river Otter. There is limestone about Stockland, and quarries of it are worked at Beare near the coast.—On the side of Somersetshire, the first vestiges of chalk are at Whitedown, between Chard and Crewkerne,

DORSET.

DORSETSHIRE

CONTINUED.

SOME of the hills in this part of the county are very remarkable in their form, and quite different from any that I have noticed elsewhere, being somewhat pyramidal, though not rising to a point, but rather like the *frustrum* of a pyramid. There are two on the right near Bridport, which have obtained from sailors the appellation of the *cow and calf*: indeed their summits may be very naturally likened to the back of an animal, being shelving as if they had been thrown up by two vast currents, or tides, opposing each other.—Near the village of Loders, we observed two eminences that, on the contrary, are pointed, and constitute nearly
complete

Dorset. complete cones, but they seem to consist, like the former, of sandstone and chalk.

Ophrys spiralis (spiral tway blade) rewarded us for our botanical excursions in the neighbourhood of Bridport. It grows on the declivities of some chalky hills, near Loders, in great abundance.

*Druidical
Circle.*

Just before we came to the village of Winterborn-Abbas, on the Dorchester road, a circle of Druidical stones caught our attention. These stones we found to be nine in number, but of unequal dimensions, some being nearly seven feet in height, and others not more than three feet.—There are several large detached stones at various distances from it, and about two miles and an half to the north, on a spot called *Ridge-hill*, a large cromlech may be seen.

Relics of Roman art were next to engage our observation, and we promised ourselves high gratification in surveying the military and other works

works thrown up by that laborious people in the vicinity of their *Durnovaria*—our modern Dorchester.—After we had ascended the hill above Winterborn, their own road was our guidance as much as the present turnpike, for we recognized the Ikening-street meeting the latter here and pointing directly towards the town. POUNDBURY-CAMP rose on our left, and MAIDEN CASTLE, with its vast irregular ramparts, on our right, whilst the towers of churches appeared in front of us through an avenue of lime and sycamore. The first of these ancient camps, which has a sort of oblong form, with a very lofty rampart, stands on the very brink of the river Frome, having a very abrupt descent on that side. Its principal entrance is to the east. Coker, Speed, and others have imagined it to be a Danish work; in construction, however, I do not see how it is to be distinguished from a Roman one, for exclusive of its form, the ground appears considerably elevated in the middle of the area, a circumstance observable mostly in camps of the latter description.

Dorset.

Poundbury-
Camp.
Maiden
Castle.

Dorset. tion.—Maiden Castle is unquestionably the work of the Romans, and perhaps there is not a finer encampment in the west of England; its extent and strength are uncommon. There are three ramparts and ditches, nearly oval*—a form in which they were more easily constructed than in any other, on account of the nature of the hill. The latter communicates with the ridge that terminates at Blackdown,—a bold eminence to the south-west of Dorchester. Two or three vicinal roads may be traced branching off from this camp, and, on the south side, there is a cavity like the mouth of a subterraneous passage, which it is very probable might have been cut here for the same purpose as that at Old Sarum.—Antiquarians are not agreed whether Maiden Castle was the *Dunium* of Ptolemy, (which was afterwards, perhaps, no other than the *Durnovaria*), or a *castrum æstivum* to the

* The transverse diameter measures two hundred and seventeen poles, and the conjugate no less than ninety-nine; the whole area (Mr. Gough says) is one hundred and fifteen acres and an half.

former.

former. Hutchins conjectures that it must have been the summer station.—There are two entrances, one on the east, and the other on the west.—The prospect hence is extremely extensive, and, from its openness (particularly to the north-west) and the multitude of barrows appearing in all directions, perhaps there is not a similar one in any other part of the kingdom.

Dorset.

From the fragments of Roman walls, the coins, and other relics of antiquity discovered at various periods within the town of DOR-
CHESTER, I imagine there can be no doubt of its having been the exact site of a Roman station.—It was a place of great importance in the Saxon times (as we may collect from historians), and indeed is still flourishing and populous. Few towns have a more neat appearance, or are better built. There are three churches, and a county hall and gaol. The latter is a new building, and enjoys an airy situation, being open to fine spacious meadows, which skirt the

Dorset. eastern side of the town, and are watered by two branches of the Frome.

Sir Christopher Wren, on his journey to Portland, discovered an ancient work that will probably interest the curious more than any yet mentioned, being no other than a ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, constructed with chalk and turf.*
Roman Amphitheatre. —It is not more than half a mile distant from Dorchester, and but a few paces, to the left, from the road to Weymouth. The vulgar appellation of it (from what circumstance I know not) is *Maumbury*.—The indefatigable Dr. Stukely has given a very full description of this amphitheatre (which he supposes to be the most perfect in the kingdom) in his *Iter Curiosum*.†—It was originally (the Doctor imagines) about one hundred and forty feet in diameter the

* “In gradibus sedet populus de cespite factis.”

Ovid de Art. am.

† See vol. I, p. 163.

Dorset.

shortest way, and two hundred and twenty the longest, and it occupied about an acre of ground. In the middle of each side was a *cuneus*, or parcel of seats, nearly thirty feet broad; these were just above the more elevated part of the circular work, reaching up to the terrace, which swells out above the concavity of the whole, and answers to the rising ground in the middle of it. The breadth of the terrace is at least twelve feet, exclusive of the parapet outwardly five feet broad, and four in height. There are three ways leading up to it, one at the upper end, and one on each side. The area seems to have been elevated in consequence of ploughing and manuring within late years, yet it still preserves a concavity, the middle part being some feet below the level of the field. It is computed by the Doctor that twelve thousand nine hundred and sixty people could have been accommodated here.—The period at which the amphitheatre was erected we have conjecture only to guide us in determining. It seems to be with a great degree of probability that anti-

Dorset. quarians have ascribed it to the præfecture of Agricola, for we are informed by Tacitus* that all those works were at that time encouraged among the Britons which tended to promote luxury, and provide them with amusement.

The downs around Dorchester are far-famed for the feeding of sheep, of which animals no less a number than one hundred and seventy thousand, including lambs, are supposed to be kept within the distance of only eight miles; of these about forty-five thousand are sold every year. The whole number fed in the county is calculated to be eight hundred thousand, and the annual export one hundred and fifty thousand.†— I never view a flock of sheep nibbling the short, scanty herbage that covers our wastes without

* “ Sequens hiems (A. U. 834) saluberrimis consiliis absumpta, namque, ut homines dispersi ac rudes, eoque bello faciles, quieti et otio per voluptates assuescerent, hortari privatim, adjuvare publice, ut templa, fora, domus extruerent, &c.”—

Jul. Agric. Vita (vol. 2, p. 491) edit. Ernesti.

† See *Agricultural Survey of Dorset*.

reflecting at how small an expence a harmless creature, in every respect so valuable to us, is maintained. When we consider to what a multitude of our fellow creatures its body furnishes materials for employment;—how many species of manufacture it is the means of supporting;—what various kinds of stuff it affords for the comforts of clothing;—and what excellent food it supplies us with, we must pronounce the sheep not only one of the most useful animals with which nature has stored the world, but one which is bred with least cost and trouble. The mutton of the Dorsetshire flocks is in general of the larger sort, and consequently the wool the more coarse and lank.—The small ancient breed of English sheep is not encouraged in the west, nor does the landholder find it his interest to turn his attention to the growth of fine wool, when such profits accrue, on account of the increase of population, from the rearing of large mutton. What has been lost, however, in the fineness of our English wool has certainly been

Dorset.

Dorset. gained in quantity, and our manufactures of course have been extended.

Kingston
House.

On the right, after we leave Dorchester, appears KINGSTON HOUSE, a seat of W. M. Pitt, Esq. The park is well stocked with wood, which forms a pleasing relief to the bleakness of the distant country. As picturesque objects, the trees have a very heavy effect, being suffered to grow into strangely stiff, aukward forms, reminding one more of full bottomed wigs than of ornamental foliage.

Abbey-Mil-
ton.

From Milborn St. Andrew we turned off to the left to visit the seat of the Earl of Dorchester at ABBEY-MILTON.—His lordship's taste, in fixing on so fine a spot for his residence, will be allowed by every one, and perhaps there is no other in the county for which nature and art have done so much in conjunction. The site of the house was once that of an abbey, the conventual church of which still remains, and is a very beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture,

Dorset.

ture. It is placed at the junction of three valleys, the acclivities rising from which are well covered with wood, and have a most romantic, embellished effect. The approach is along the side of a broad sheet of water, collected from distant sources that unfortunately are too scanty in their supplies to maintain a sufficient depth and body, though neither pains nor expence have been spared in endeavouring to attain so desirable an object, nor are exertions yet discontinued. The house adjoins to the north-west part of the church, and was built by the present possessor, Sir William Chambers being the architect. A collegiate plan was adopted (with great propriety) in the distribution of its several parts, which form a quadrangle, and, so far as an air of lightness is preserved, are made to correspond with the stile of the church. It has no pretensions, however, to be considered as an imitation of Gothic,—at least the imitation is a very imperfect and incorrect one. The open parapet surrounding the church was too prominent an appendage not to be preserved in an

Dorset. adjoining edifice; and Gothic mouldings and pinnacles have been aimed at, but they are in a taste not authorized by any original specimen whatever. The two turrets over the gate are as much in an *Indian* or *Chineſe* ſtile as in a Gothic.—The apartments are numerous and elegant, and the *monk's hall*, as it is called, a venerable old room once the reſectory of the abbey, is ſtill preſerved. The latter has a fine oak roof, gilted and painted, and a richly carved ſcreen, in a ſtile correſpondent to it, on which appears the date of 1498; this may be ſeen alſo on the cornice ſurrounding the hall, which is ornamented with various eſcutcheons and devices. The windows are ſquare, but compoſed of ſeveral compartments with obtuſe Gothic tops, and the glaſs is ſtained with coats of arms,—Among the pictures ſhewn in this houſe are ſeveral by the firſt maſters. A monk's head by Raffaele is inimitable. The ſame ſubject by Titian, a ſea-piece by Claude, and the feeding of the Iſraelites by Baſſan are moſt divinely touched.

Dorset.

It now remains for me to attempt some description of the Church, which is in a most simple, chaste, and elegant stile of Gothic. The period of its erection is not to be ascertained with exactness, but the foundation of it was laid, most probably, in the reign of Edward II. Hutchins imagines the abbey to have been founded soon after the battle of Brunanburgh, or about the year 938, at which time Athelstan reigned. The monkish historians ascribe the pious act of this monarch to remorse for having occasioned the death of his brother Edwin, but the story of the latter being exposed in an open boat to the mercy of a tempestuous ocean is too absurd to deserve any credit, and many an one similar to it was often invented to answer the sinister purposes of the clergy of those times. That Athelstan was the founder, however, cannot well be doubted. Two very ancient pictures remain in the choir; one represents this king presenting the model of a church to a monk who kneels before him, with the following inscription in Saxon characters: *viz. Rex Athelstan huj. loci. f.* and
the

Dorset. the other his queen, with a hawk in her hand devouring some small bird. The *ancient* edifice, it appears, was accidentally burnt down in the third year of Edward II.'s reign, and a patent granted for the construction of a new one about twelve years afterwards.*—The form of the present church is that of a Roman T, the western part having been wholly taken away, perhaps at the time of the Dissolution, in order to turn the materials to some profit. At the east end is a beautiful Gothic screen, which, before the repairs made a few years ago, was covered up with mortar, and wholly obscured. In removing the latter, the workmen damaged a part of the sculpture, which was supplied, however, in plaister by Mr. Wyatt, whose genius and taste in the renovation of Gothic ornaments and architecture are conspicuous in every instance. The niches are extremely elegant, and very similar to those brought to light by the

* Hutchins's *History of Dorset*, vol. 2, p. 435.

same architect in New College, Oxford. An *Dorset.* inscription signifies the date of it to be the year 1492. From the altar the nave shews a great strength and beauty of feature, the roof being simple and elegant, and the arches which support the tower bold and finely turned. The latter is of a square form, and massy ; it once contained several bells.—In the south transept stands a finely executed monument to the memory of Lady Milton, by Carini. The window above it is of a noble size, and ornamented, as well as those of the aisles, with a profusion of tracery.—This beautiful fabric now serves solely for a private chapel, though divine service is not regularly performed in it, as the family usually attend the parish church built by the Earl of Dorchester, who substituted the latter, by the authority of an act of parliament, for the conventual one. The ancient possessors of the abbey-lands, &c. were the Tregonwells, to whom they were given soon after the Dissolution, in consideration of the payment of one thousand pounds, and the resignation of a pension of forty pounds

Dorset. pounds *per annum* by John Tregonwell, Esq. From the Tregonwells the manor came to the Bancks family, by whom it was sold to the noble Earl (at that time Joseph Damer, Esq.).

We were now only six miles from Blandford, and in proceeding thither had an opportunity of seeing the *new* village of Milton.—The latter was once a decent market-town; being an impediment to his Lordship's plans for the extension and improvement of his grounds, it was removed from the bottom where the piece of water has been formed to a deep nook branching out southward from the valley. It is to be lamented that the inhabitants have now lost their market, and the number of houses is reduced to about thirty, which are merely thatched cottages.—From the hill above these rustic habitations, the church tower beyond and the wood hanging from the brows of the neighbouring heights form a singularly romantic scene.—It must be confessed too that the removal of the town has rendered the effect of the valley more highly
monastic

monastic than ever, and restored it to that seclusion and solitude which recommended it to its original tenants.

Dorset.

The hill above mentioned commands a prodigious prospect, particularly to the south-east, and seems to be one of the most elevated spots in the county.—The distance on our right, as we advanced, was delicious; terminated by fine blue ridges which formed an undulating horizon, a broad country spread itself open before us under the several gradations of hue that were so often borrowed by the pencil of the unrivalled Claude.

Crossing Blandford-bridge, you have an advantageous view of BRIANSTON HOUSE, the seat of William Portman, Esq.* The river Stour flows through the grounds in a broad, handsome current, and washes the foot of a

Brianston House.

* Now of Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq.

beautiful

Dorset. beautiful cliff extending from the bridge to the house and planted with great taste. I think there is room for greater embellishment, however, in the remaining space.—The architect of Brianston House was Mr. Wyatt, and it is built on an elegant plan.

Blandford. BLANDFORD is a neat town situated on the eastern side of the Stour, the breadth of which is here considerable. In old records this place is stiled a borough, but it does not appear that representatives were returned to parliament more than twice, *viz.* once during the reign of Edward I. and again during that of Edward III. It has twice suffered extremely by fire, and particularly in June 1731, when few of the inhabitants could save any of their property.—The church is a handsome and lofty modern edifice, and there is a neat town-hall. The only building of any antiquity is DAMORY HOUSE, (and *this* is partly modernized) situated at the eastern extremity of the town. It was the seat of the
eldest

*Damory
House.*

eldest branch of the ancient family of Ryves,* but the first possessor was Roger Damory, from whom the house takes its name. In the reign of Henry VIII. it belonged to the crown, and the royal arms may still be seen over the doorway. There are vestiges of a much greater extent of building on the north-east side, and a few yards more to the east is an ancient chapel, (now converted into a stable) which Hutchins informs us was dedicated to St. Leonard. There are two windows and a door on each side, but those towards the Winborn road are now partly blocked up. The former have a profusion of tracery work in a curious early style, though the arches are rather obtuse. Damory House is at present the property of Francis Galpine, Esq.

Dorset.

The high road to Salisbury presented us with few objects that did not occur on our other track, which indeed we resumed before we came

* Hutchins's *History of Dorset*, vol. 1, p. 80.

Dorset. to Woodyates. We had a pleasing landscape on our left, after leaving Tarrant-Hinton, the forest scenery of Cranborn-chace appearing in the distance, with the boundary hills of Wiltshire behind it.

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END OF VOL. I.
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